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MARCH 6, 1978 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

# NewTimes®

## MICROWAVES

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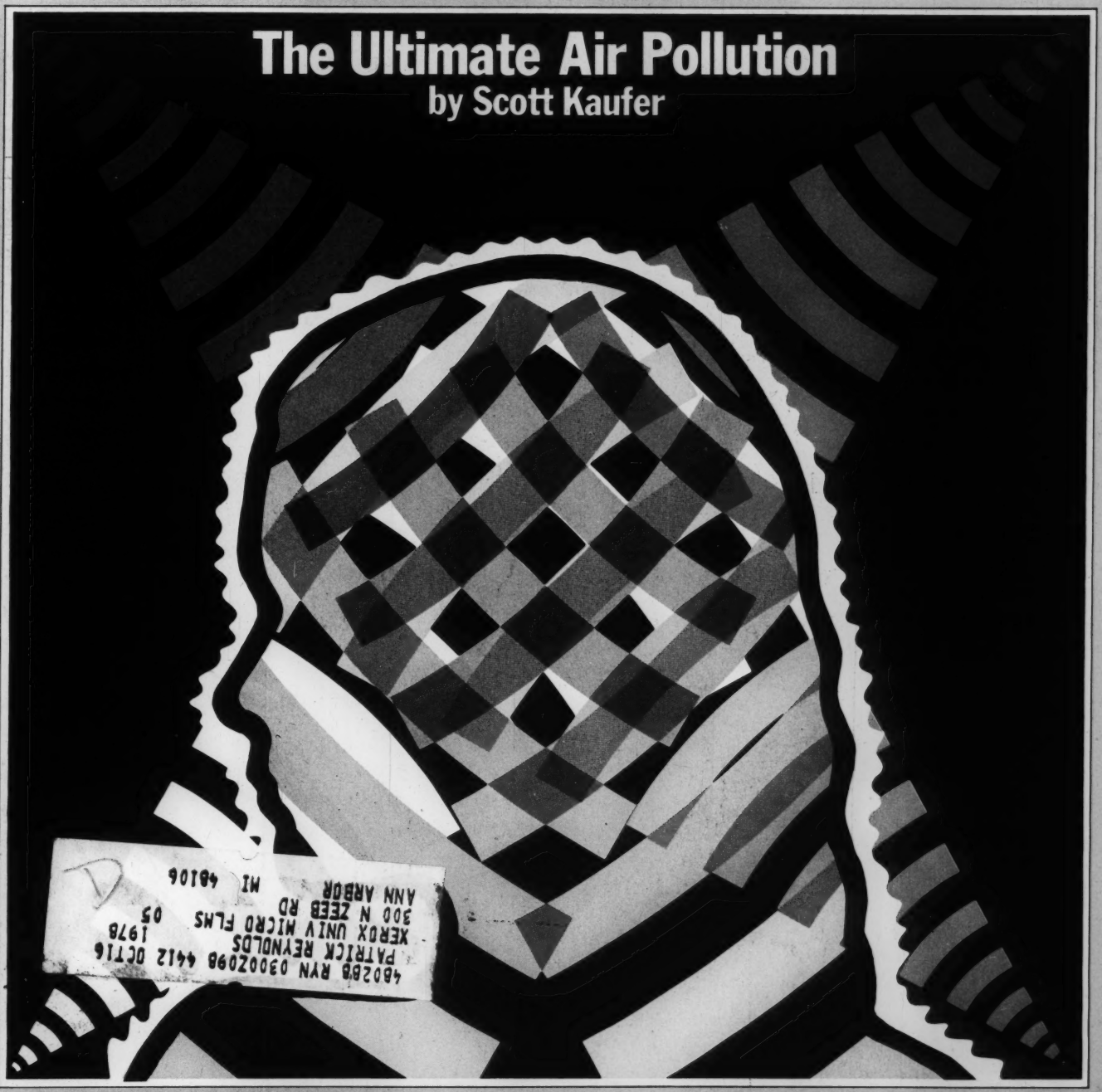
by Scott Kaufer



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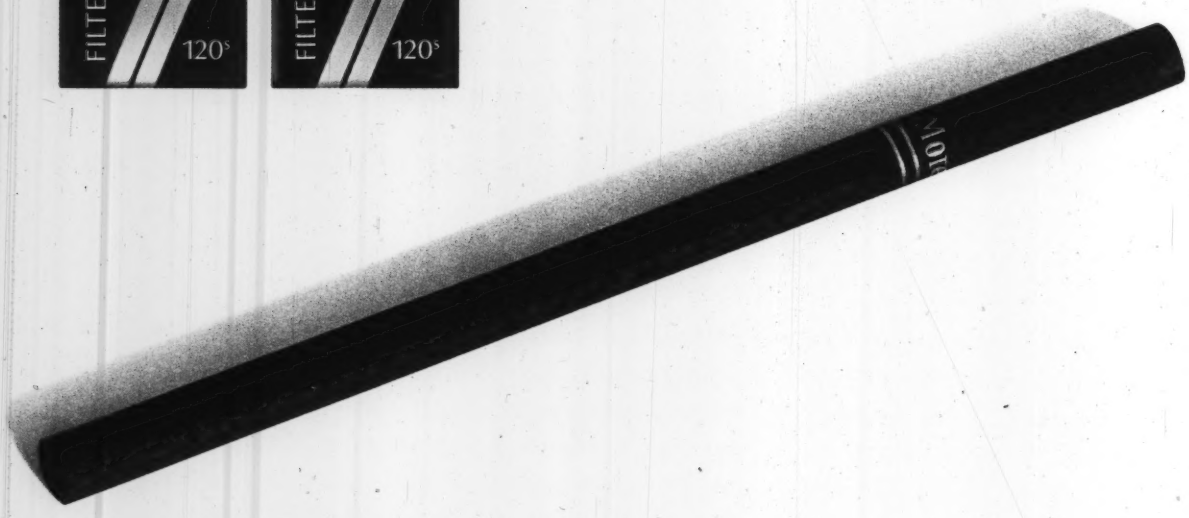

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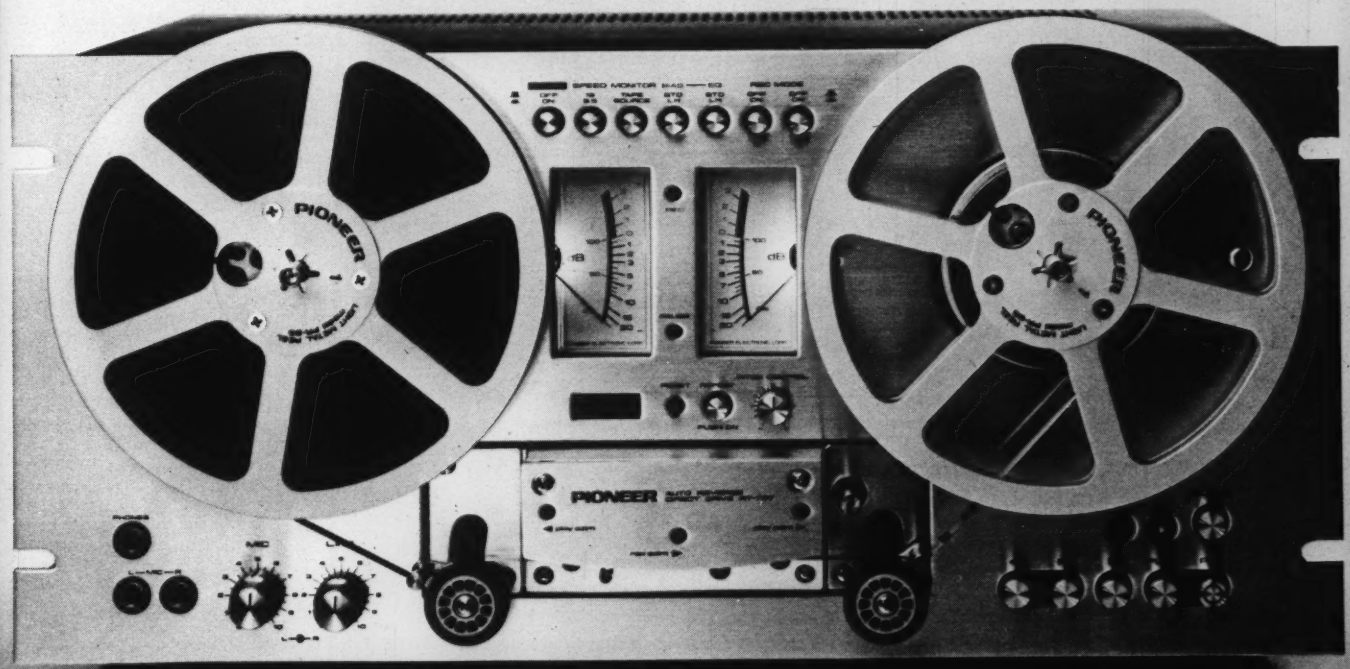


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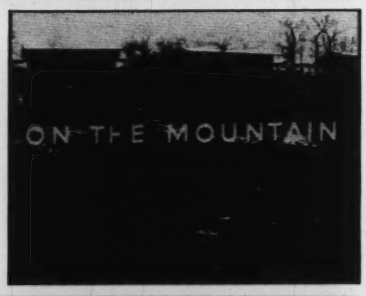


Contempt for the clientele rarely leads to success, and that may explain why New York's Motel on the Mountain—which "turned gay" last fall—closed a month ago.
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# THE FIVE PERCENT SOLUTION

Even the feeblest inalienable right enjoys a childhood in which it's neglected by people who should benefit from its establishment, and jackrolled by those whose profits and prerogatives it apparently threatens. A recent recipient of this elementary civics once-over is a national resale royalty measure for artists, which will now be spending at least five years flat on its back somewhere in the office of its sponsor, California Congressman Henry Waxman.

This modest proposal, which many art dealers, collectors and curators consider as nightmarish as the one put forth by Jonathan Swift, would require every living visual artist to receive a 5 percent cut of the profits made on a piece resold for $1,000 or more.

It has two purposes. The first is to legally certify the principle that an artist's direct association with the work he sells extends beyond his signature upon it. The other is to modify the present system, under which an artist sells a piece for a small sum early in his career only to watch its new owner make a bundle on it years later when the artist's reputation emerges. A splashy instance of this would be Robert Rauschenberg's collage, "Thaw," which was originally purchased for $800 in the fifties and auctioned off not long ago for $85,000. According to Waxman aide Bruce Wolpe, the proposed legislation would be enforced and administered by a national commission for the visual arts. The whole concept is a revised version of California's Resale Royalty Act, the only statute of its kind in the country, which went into effect January of last year.

Since Waxman's plan was announced, Wolpe says, art dealer associations and museums across the country have mounted an organized effort that has effectively bottled it up. It probably didn't take much, however, considering the political moxie artists traditionally demonstrate. Last April, for example, a resale royalty bill was introduced in the Illinois legislature. Only one man showed up to testify: Richard Gray, gallery owner and representative of the Chicago Art Dealers Association. The measure was promptly buried.

The arguments Gray used were the same ones Waxman has been hearing.

"The bill would provide irrelevant help for a tiny fraction of artists who no longer need it," Gray said, "while penalizing the majority who do. There are only about fifty artists in America whose work can be resold for substantial amounts of money. Someone like Rauschenberg would benefit anyway when a past work sells for eighty-five thousand, because every exchange like that raises the market value of his future output.

"I can assure you," Gray continued, "that lesser knowns and unknown artists receive exposure and sell their work mainly through the exhibits and shows mounted by galleries. I lose money on one-third of those I put on. The only way I can afford to keep that up, to carry recognized artists in the first place, is by using profits from superstars.

"This bill would be an indirect tax placed upon the poor. The red tape involved would make dealing in contemporary art more complicated and less desirable. Ninety-nine percent of all modern art actually depreciates in value over the years, and resale royalties will dampen the market even more. The whole thing is unprecedented."

Advocates of the royalty measure, though, consider that line of reasoning a mixture of scare tactics and standard business reaction.

"The five percent is really a very small portion of the profits," explains attorney Tom Leavens of the Chicago-based Lawyers for the Creative Arts. "But they are reacting like all businessmen faced with the possibility of rising operating costs. The rhetoric is not so different from, say, restauranteurs who denounce any hike in the minimum wage law as a disaster for employees, something that will throw thousands out of work.

"The measure is not designed to be an economic panacea for struggling artists. There is nothing extraordinary about legislators taking into consideration the special circumstances of certain groups and setting a precedent by passing a law to protect them."

Supporters contend that a piece of art simply cannot belong to the purchaser, as would his toaster or his socks. They add that the real danger is that the opposition may be creating a self-defeating, self-fulfilling prophecy. Once the legislation passes, as Wolpe expects, dealers may have completely convinced themselves and every other prospective buyer that contemporary art has suddenly become a terrible buy, much too difficult to unload.

"We aren't going to force this down the throats of museums and dealers," Wolpe says. "We are using persuasion. But they eventually must accept this small redistribution of profits as a requisite expense, a normal element of their dealings. Passage is difficult be-

ILLUSTRATION BY PHYLLIS HERFIELD

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cause legislators have to feel pressure from their constituents, and artists occupy a political power base comparable to busboys and maids.

"Resale royalties is just one inalienable right which artists ought to enjoy just as songwriters and authors do," he concluded. "Right now it is something which dealers can easily bargain or intimidate away."

Some younger artists are indeed threatened by the dealers' arguments. "If this thing goes on the books," Chicago sculptor Richard Hunt said, "I think it'll act as a stigma and discourage people from buying current stuff."

According to Wolpe and others, though, these fears bear a marked resemblance to those expressed when organized labor got off the ground. And while some expect the resale royalty measure to be a first step toward the general acceptance of other rights, which would be embodied in a standard transfer and sale agreement, artists are probably a millenium away from that goal.

One reason for that, curiously enough, is the artist's perception of his own bargaining strength. The model contract, which a number of artists today employ, was drawn up seven years ago by Seth Siegelaub and New York attorney Robert Projansky. In addition to royalties, it entitled the artist to a record of who owns his piece, the right to be consulted about any repairs or plans for exhibition, proceeds from any reproductions, and the right to exhibit it himself two months out of every five years.

It also provided some ammunition in a supplementary section: "All artists sell . . . their work to only two kinds of people—those who are their friends and those who are not their friends . . . In a manner of speaking this agreement will help you to discover who your friends are . . . Is the collector really going to pass up your work because you want him to sign a contract? . . . given the fact that it won't cost him anything . . . [then] he is being very stubborn and foolish and nobody can tell you how to illuminate him."

The above, of course, reveals just how castrated many American artists believe themselves to be. In order to get a contract signed, the buyer must be convinced that the document is worthless, that his refusal to sign it will be an insult to the artist and a declaration of his own ignorance.

It is an approach which George Meany and J. Walter Thompson would find amazing. In fact, the inability of American artists to believe they have a legitimate role to fulfill in the society may be the real elementary civics lesson here.●

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# LETTERS

## Pasteurized News

Peter Greenberg's good story on celebrity manipulation of the press ("Star Wars," February 6) is the latest sign that the entertainment industry is riding roughshod over the public. Movies now cost $4 in a lot of places, and recently a number of record manufacturers hiked their album prices a dollar. I suspect that is more of an increase than they needed to cope with inflation.

Of course, the industry can argue that if we are willing to cough up so much for concerts, movies, records and star-filled magazines, then we must think the price is right. It is hard to counter that.

Perhaps we should be patient, though. Why not let the San Andreas fault do for us what we cannot do for ourselves?

*Bennett H. Beach*
*Washington, D.C.*

We read with great interest your article on stars and their press agents who go to extraordinary lengths to manipulate the press to their advantage. Many press agents who indulge in this pursuit were quoted. This office was not and we offer our gratitude. In the particular arena of which you wrote it is infinitely more desirable to lay back as a spectator than be included as a participant.

*Lee Solters*
*Solters & Roskin, Public Relations*
*New York City*

Although I can appreciate the intra-industry ethical dilemma your magazine has raised in "Star Wars" and "Renaldo and Wasso" (February 6), I cannot seem to get all that incensed over Glen Campbell's or any celebrity's so-called manipulation of the media, particularly the print media.

The military cleanliness of a neutron bomb sold to a manipulated public causes me more spinal shudders than any carryings-on of Renaldo and Clara and Bobby and Wasso.

*Michael LaMartina*
*Racine, Wisconsin*

Thanks to *New Times*, Peter Greenberg and Joel Kotkin for giving me the opportunity to laugh at Bob Dylan; a feat I, as a semi-sincere Dylanologist, thought was impossible. The only way Bob can live this one down is if he's laughing too—and not all the way to the bank.

*Glenn Shockley*
*Pittsville, Maryland*

Thank you for the excellent article re media and celebrity manipulation of each other, which gained credence when re-enforced by your interview with Dylan.

*Richard W. Craig*
*El Cajon, California*

I'd like to clarify a couple of points raised in your February 6 cover story: It is against *Us* magazine policy to make commitments, written or otherwise, for cover subjects. It is also against *Us* magazine policy to allow press agents or others to pay travel or other expenses in connection with stories.

*Ron Martin*
*Editor, Us magazine*
*New York City*

## Eulogizing Hubert

I just wanted to let you know that this reader was deeply moved by Peter Ross Range's exquisite treatment of "The Public Dying Of Hubert Humphrey" (February 6). Though I've never met the man and have never voted for him, his unbounding enthusiasm was a source of inspiration. Like so many others, I'm sure, it hurt me to watch him die in public; the gallant warrior withered away in front of the masses.

Though Hubert Humphrey may never have attained what he wanted to the most, he has left an indelible mark on the history of the country he truly loved.

*David Salidor*
*New York City*

## A Kitman Chaser

Bravo, Chevy Chase ("I'm Chevy Chase, and Your Nose Is About to Be Broken, Crumb," The Insider, February 6). I for one love *Saturday Night Live* and all its prime players. I like a star who will not sit back and fear the critic. Just like the critic criticizes, so should the critic be criticized. I've never seen Marvin Kitman, but I must agree with Chevy—he must be getting old, have hypertension and a very unhappy personal life. If Mr. Kitman cannot find any humor in *Saturday Night*, his funny bones must have been dislocated at a very early age.

*Curt Hibbard*
*Eureka Springs, Arkansas*

Chevy has been parodying, eating on the flesh, all his "adult" life, but my how he wails at Marvin Kitman!

*A.E. Hinson*
*San Diego, California*

## Multiple-choice Discrimination

In "Racist Tests: The Hidden Issue of *Bakke*" (Party Lines, February 6), Robert Shrum's point that standardized tests, in particular the MCATs and LSATs, are not only racially biased but also unable to predict future performance, may be well taken; however, the obvious solution is to abandon them. The solution is not to use them in some ranking system "adjusted" for cultural discrimination.

The validity of the claim that blacks and other ethnic minorities have been and still are subjected to a special discrimination based solely on their ethnicity cannot be denied, and it is this very validity which makes ideas such as special admissions based on ethnic criteria so appealing. This is an extremely dangerous solution and an exceptionally easy way to avoid another important issue, the discrimination against all the poor. Shrum and the rest of us would do well to abandon the White Man's Burden once and for all.

*Steven Bender*
*Washington, D.C.*

I was disappointed to read that individuals who ought to be familiar with the nuances of test bias are still talking about the invalidity of standardized tests and claiming that minority applicants are less qualified on the basis of test scores.

The question may be whether we are going to focus on aptitude test scores as ends or on their accuracy for predicting important behavioral criteria. Although the second alternative is obviously the proper choice, the Bakke debate has irrelevantly been concentrated on the first one. The issue cannot be resolved until a change in this regard takes place.

*Stanley Goldklang*
*New York City*

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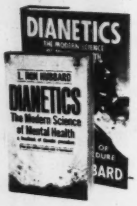


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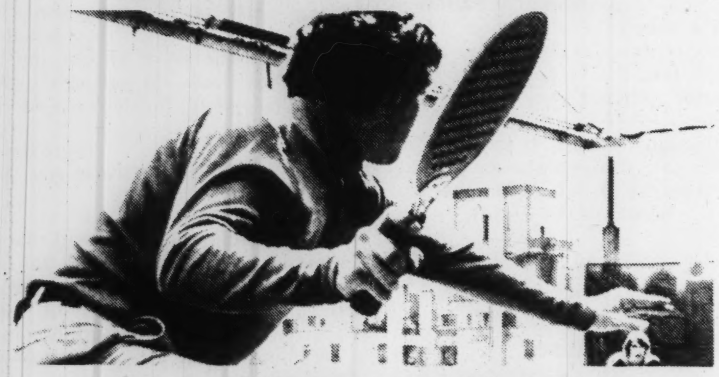

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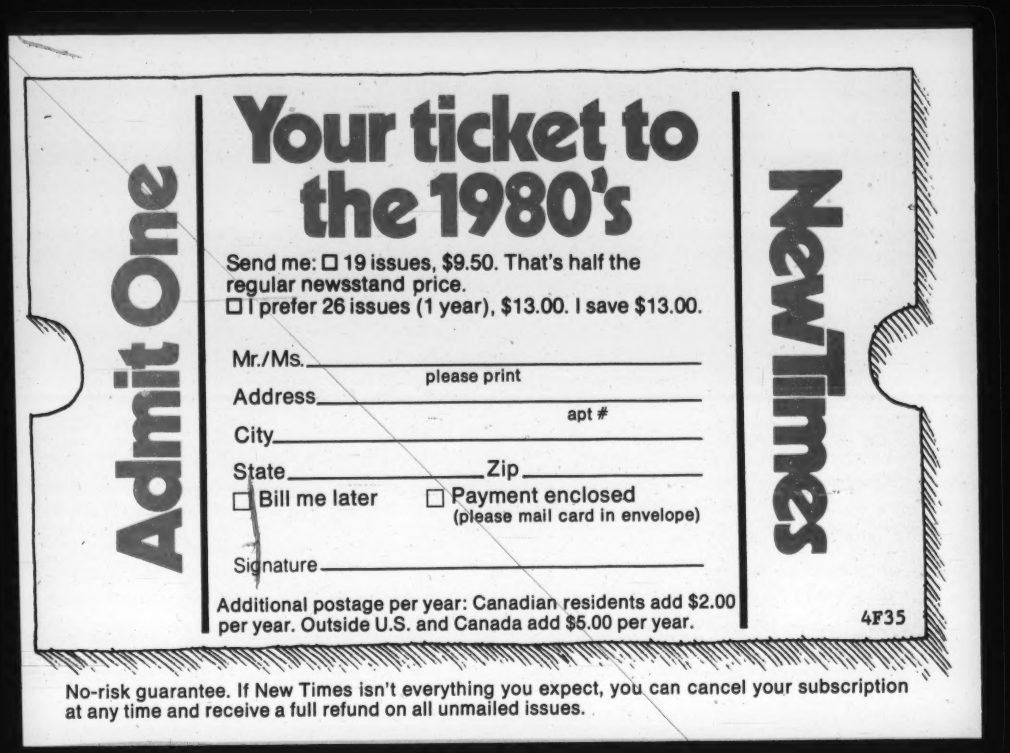
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Crime/by Rob Fleder

# FRONTIER JUSTICE REVISITED

The days of the hanging judge may be over, and the last of the tin-star sheriffs may have ridden off into the sunset, but frontier justice is with us still. Like the bounty hunters of the Old West, bailbondsmen and their hired hands regularly track down fugitives who have jumped bail and haul their handcuffed quarry back to jail at gunpoint. These modern-day bounty hunters operate, as their predecessors did, on the margins of our legal system, somewhere between the outlaws they pursue and the peace officers whose conventional methods they disdain.

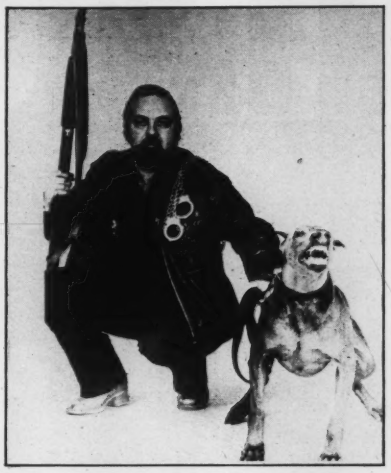
Backed by a body of law that spans more than 100 years, bounty hunters routinely cross state lines to pick up bail jumpers, seldom stopping to fuss with extradition proceedings, arraignments and other legal niceties that bind the police when they capture a fugitive.

The aim, of course, is the reward that bailbondsmen pay for the return of their wayward clients. The economics of today's frontier justice is straightforward as ever: a bondsman stands to lose large chunks of money every time a client, who has paid him from 10–50 percent of the actual bail, disappears into the wind. The bondsman must pay the full amount of the bail unless he can deliver his client to court within a given period of time.

Or, he can hire someone like Stan Rivkin to do the job for him.

"If you ever existed on this earth, I'll track you down, providing the price is right," says Rivkin, the best-known of the East Coast bounty hunters, who, for the past 22 years, has earned his living by tracing and capturing "skips" (as bail jumpers are known in the trade).

"Once I've got my nose to the ground, when I can smell the guy I'm after, the son of a bitch can send his soul to God, cause his ass belongs to me," says the 44-year-old Rivkin, an ex-Marine combat instructor who, at 5'10" and 225 pounds, resembles one of the lesser foothills of the Himalayas. "Once I've got my hands on a guy, I'm gonna take him in, either vertically or horizontally, but I'm definitely taking him in.



**Nice Doggie: Stan Rivkin and Duke**

"Personally, I prefer to work without the cops' help," Rivkin adds. "When I cross into another state after a skip, I just want to get in there, tie the guy up, throw him in the trunk and get the hell out."

Although strong-arm tactics have always been the stock-in-trade of bounty hunters, recent developments on the West Coast have brought them under new scrutiny. Last spring, a California bondsman named Clyde Epps learned that one of his clients was fleeing to Canada in order to avoid an impending court appearance in Bakersfield. Epps and a fellow employee of the Cow-Boy Bail Bond Co. tracked the bail jumper to Portland, Oregon, tossed him into their truck and hauled him back to California.

But when Portland District Attorney Harl Hass got wind of the case, Epps and his sidekick were indicted and convicted on kidnapping charges. Similar indictments have since been filed in Oregon against several other out-of-state bondsmen.

Epps' attorney, James Faulkner, is among the local observers who contend that such kidnapping charges represent not only a glaring legal error but also a practical disaster for Oregon law-enforcement officials. Faulkner argues that the current law governing bailbondsmen stems from an 1873 Supreme Court decision (*Taylor v. Tainter*) which says that a prisoner released on a bailbond is, in effect, still jailed, and that the bondsman is his jailer. Faulkner maintains that this ruling clearly empowers bondsmen to cross state lines and snatch their bail-jumping clients without extradition proceedings.

"Moreover, the police in Oregon are very upset about the implications of the Epps case," Faulkner says. "They feel there are already too many bail jumpers from California, and if more obstacles are put in the path of bondsmen, Oregon could become a virtual haven for fugitives.

"But until their application of the law is successfully challenged in court," he adds, "Oregon officials apparently want to let it be known that they're going to indict any out-of-state bondsman who retrieves skips without extradition."

Nonetheless, Stan Rivkin, who plies his trade in New York unencumbered by the restraints now being applied to West Coast bondsmen, believes that the law is on his side. He can recite verbatim the Supreme Court decision that certifies his authority to kidnap fugitives. Rivkin is quick to admit that his tactics aren't apt to show up in any police training manuals.

"You don't catch these guys by conventional means," he says. "You gotta get down in the gutter with these people. You gotta eat, sleep and shit in the gutter. You gotta do like they do and think like they think. When I go after a guy, I have to *become* him. . ."

It's Zen and the art of urban bounty hunting, and Stan Rivkin is the master. A creature of the streets, he moves with ease through the seamy world of informants (who are his business associates) and small-time criminals (who are his prey). Since he generally begins his hunt with no more than a physical description and the last-known address of a bail jumper, Rivkin must use deception—the Big Lie—if he's to pick up the trail. Over the years, he has posed as everything from a doctor to a motorcycle thug in order to wheedle information from a skip's uncooperative relatives or unsuspecting friends. But more often than not, Rivkin's only disguise is the subtle artifice of big-city street life, and his only advantage is the element of surprise.

"These people know when and how the police work," he says, "but they don't know how, when or where I'm coming from. When everyone's sitting home on Christmas Eve singing 'Joy to the World,' I'm squatting on a rooftop in Harlem with my binoculars, waiting for Joe Blow to come home and see his mamma."

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Hanging out, as he does, in the rougher precincts of the city, Rivkin faces all the occupational hazards you'd expect a man in his profession to confront. As he counts up the teeth he's had knocked out (six), the knife slashes (two), the fractured ribs, wrists and ankles (innumerable), Rivkin also counts himself lucky that though he's been shot at (but never hit), he's never had to shoot anyone.

In fact, Rivkin has not even carried a handgun since 1971, when he lost his pistol permit for "indiscriminate use of a firearm" (a charge he still hotly denies). But that's not to say that he lacks any of the latest tools of the bounty-hunting trade. Stashed in the attic of Rivkin's Long Island home is an elaborate collection of photographic equipment and electronic surveillance gear, and several large-calibre rifles. All that he usually carries to work, though, are handcuffs, shackles, a restraining belt, a nightstick, a bullet-proof vest and an attack-trained Doberman named Duke, who, at Rivkin's command, flashes a set of teeth that are designed to snap bone. Duke and Stan often cruise the ghettos in a souped-up Ford LTD, equipped with CB, sirens, flashing red lights and, in the trunk, an anti-riot shotgun.

"I don't believe in violence," Rivkin insists, with a smile almost warm enough to melt your doubts. "I'd say I only use physical force—aside from handcuffing a guy—in maybe twenty percent of my cases. But if someone puts me in a spot where I'm threatened, I'm gonna come down so hard he's gonna think the Empire State Building landed on him. My business philosophy is simple: Do unto others before they do unto you."

But it's the excitement, the intrigue and, of course, the money that's made bounty hunting attractive to him for 22 years. He won't disclose his average income, but Rivkin's best years saw him haul in up to 100 skips, which fetched him an average of $300 per.

The salad days of New York bondsmen and their leading bounty hunter have ended, though. As the city's overtaxed courts began to release the vast majority of criminal defendants on small cash bails or on their own recognizance, most of the bondsmen's offices gradually disappeared, until Bailbond Row lost its identity. But Stan Rivkin is not about to ride off into the sunset.

"I doubt if I'll ever retire from the business," he says. "When there aren't any bondsmen left at all, that's when I'll march over to the post office and start ripping down the Wanted posters—just like the bounty hunters did in the old days." ●


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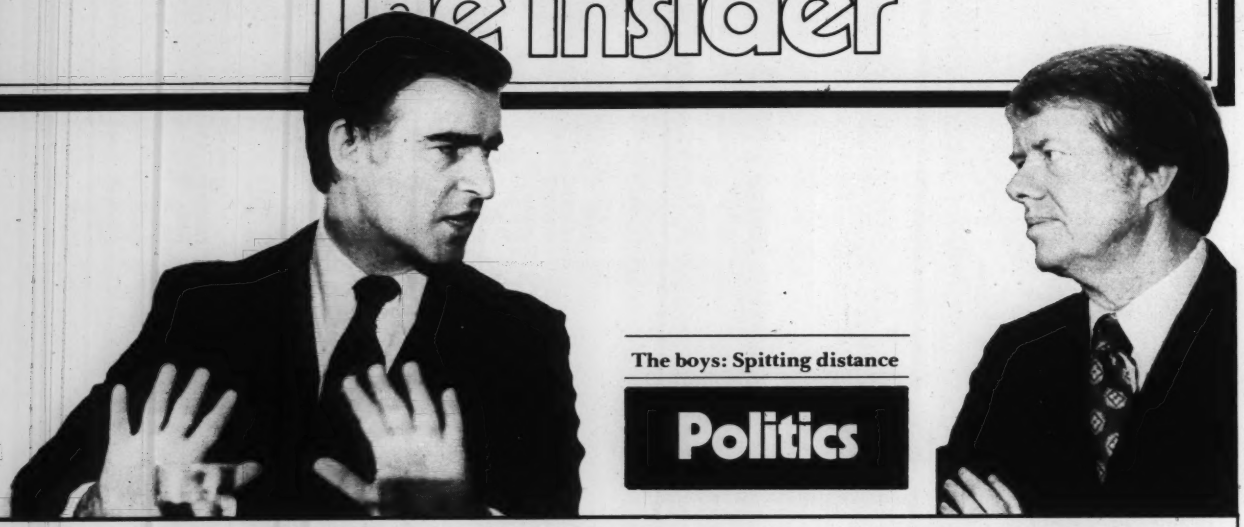
# The Insider



The boys: Spitting distance

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

## Politics

*East-West crossfire*

### Brownites Claim California Senate Probe's a Carter Smear

Sources very close to Jerry Brown say an ongoing FBI investigation of political corruption in California has inflamed the already rotten relations between the governor and the Carter Administration. Top Brown allies, many close to the current governor's father, former Governor Pat Brown, are reportedly targets of the probe.

Indicative of the growing two-way paranoia flashing between Sacramento and Washington, key Brown aides are calling the FBI probe politically motivated. "It's obviously injurious," complained one exceedingly well-placed Brown adviser. "It's kind of odd the federal government would look at *us* for corruption. I would think California should be on the bottom of the list."

Sources close to the investigation disagree emphatically, claiming the action is already bearing fruit.

At the center of the investigation is lobbyist Donald Kent Brown. Brown—no relation—has lobbied for various real estate interests, as well as represented Hughes Aircraft before the California legislature. FBI sources accuse Brown of being one of several lobbyists who have exchanged campaign contributions for votes. Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy has adamantly denied any such goings-on, but Ken Meade, a young left-wing Democrat from Oakland who retired from the legislature last year, called vote-buying commonplace and, of McCarthy's denial, said, "That's total bullshit. There's nothing that happens with major contributions that the Speaker doesn't know about. The votes are arranged."

Of all the figures so far being mentioned by FBI sources, L.A. banker/lawyer/Jerry-builder Charles Manatt is far and away the most important to Brown's future. The former California Democratic Party head, he is currently involved in trying to help the governor pay off his 1976 presidential campaign debt and would be a central figure in any future drive on the White House. Manatt says several legislators have told him he is being investigated. He maintains feds haven't even tried to talk to him.

Manatt currently is the front-runner to become Democratic Party finance chairman, though clearly the Carter-wing prefers otherwise. Nevertheless, following Manatt's defeat in a bid to become National Party Chairman, the finance post seems assured: "The locals will flip all the way out this time if Carter passes over Manatt," a California politician said recently.

Manatt denounces the investigation as being "loose and sloppy" and expressed reservations about the FBI getting involved in so politically tinged an area.

The White House didn't return our phone calls concerning the investigation, and the Justice Department responded to our inquiries by thrusting their heads firmly into the Potomac loam. "We have no comment at all," said unhelpful Justice Department spokesman Bob Stevens. "We have never even confirmed that there is an investigation." — *Paul Grabowicz and Joel Kotkin*

*Bee-bee-beep, Bee-bee-beep:*

### OVERSEAS BULLETINS

**Little bomb that couldn't:** The cruise missile, everybody's favorite weapon, might be facing a crucial rite of passage—its first technical roadblock. U.S. intelligence has puzzled for some time over the mysterious high-powered beams emanating from some test sites in the Soviet Union. Recently, the explanation for them was divined: the beams stem from testing new "super radar" the Russians are developing to defeat the cruise missile. American experts think deployment of the anti-cruise-missile radar is about a year down the road. One indication the Soviets think they're on the road to safety is their sudden deceleration of protests over our cruise-missile capability.

**Sneak preview:** Four nations are protesting the Soviet arms airlifts to Ethiopia—and not because of Somalian sympathy: the Russian transports are happening over sensitive military installations, and spy cameras have been spotted in their ports.

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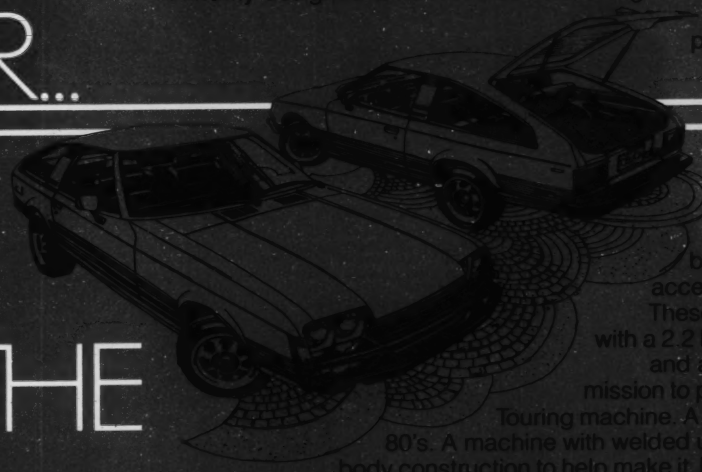

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*New West Suit Rages*

## Begelmania Peaks on Coast

Things aren't exactly hellish for David Begelman. The former Columbia Pictures chief, driven from his spot (says he) by "relentless publicity," has worked out an independent production relationship with the studio he recently ran. And what he's lost in an undisclosed settlement of the remaining months of his late, lamented contract, Begelman's more than made up for by resigning: when Columbia stock hopped a healthy 1¾ points at the news of the resignation, Begelman's 87,500 stock options (at $5.18, which he's said to be able to keep in his new contract) increased a small fortune in value.

Much of the media pressure on the 52-year-old ex-agent had come from a piece by writer Jeannie Kasindorf in the February 13 issues of *New West* and *New York* magazines. Relying on the testimony of Sid Luft, a manager-husband of Judy Garland, about a series of alleged incidents that occurred ten years ago, the story pegged Begelman as a nearly-compulsive thief—a gambler who risked and lost money that wasn't his. Begelman announced his denial of the story with a suit against Kasindorf and the New York Magazine Corporation, naming recently installed *New West* senior editor Maureen Orth, publisher Joe Armstrong, and Kasindorf as individual defendants.

Neither Orth nor Armstrong would comment on the suit, but, on the surface at least, Begelman may have a legitimate case. The fact that Luft waited a decade to come forward and that he seems to be the only source for his story may not bode well for the Murdochians. Kasindorf's story revolves around a mysterious black file box that Luft had maintained over the years. Begelman's lawyer, Frank Rothman, says he has a release from Garland that absolves Begelman and then-partner Freddie Fields and their Creative Management Associates from "all obligations to Garland." Publisher Armstrong says only that he stands by his story. Sid Luft says that he will reprosecute his 1967 suit against Begelman and Fields.

In any case, things seem to have worked out for Begelman and Columbia. Board President Alan Hirschfield, who supported Begelman from the beginning, has lost a production chief but gained a producer, and can still benefit from Begelman's celebrated savvy. And Begelman still has his Columbia parking space.

*—Elisha Shapiro*

GLOBE PHOTOS

**Begelman with Columbia starlet: A happy divorce**

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

**Lina: Socko**

## The Insider Interview

*Lina Wertmuller explains how to direct motion pictures*

***New Times***: In working with an American actress, and in working in an American city . . . besides the language were there other problems? Was it difficult translating directions, et cetera?

**Wertmuller**: It was difficult but . . .

**Interpreter**: She's very good at expressing herself in any language . . .

**Wertmuller**: I hit them when they don't understand.

**Interpreter**: (Explaining) It's a joke.

## CLOAK AND DAGGER GO TO SOUTH KOREA

**By Bobby London**

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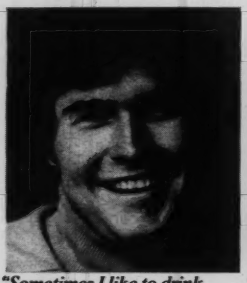
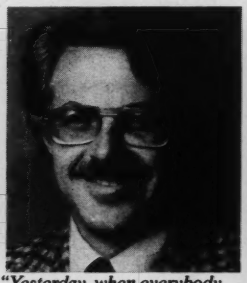
Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda.
But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



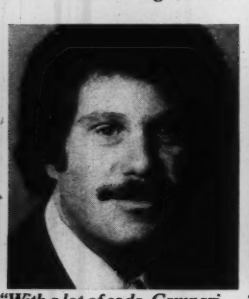
*"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."*
*—Steve Gibson, San Fran.*

*"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."*
*—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.*



*"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."*
*—Mort Goldstein, Boston.*

*"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."*
*—Lea McIntyre, Reno.*

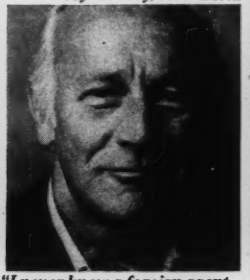


*"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."*
*—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.*

*"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."*
*—Iby Korody, New York.*

*"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."*
*—John Gray, Seattle.*

*"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."*
*—Greta Westfall, L.A.*



*"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."*
*—James Barker, Wash., D.C.*

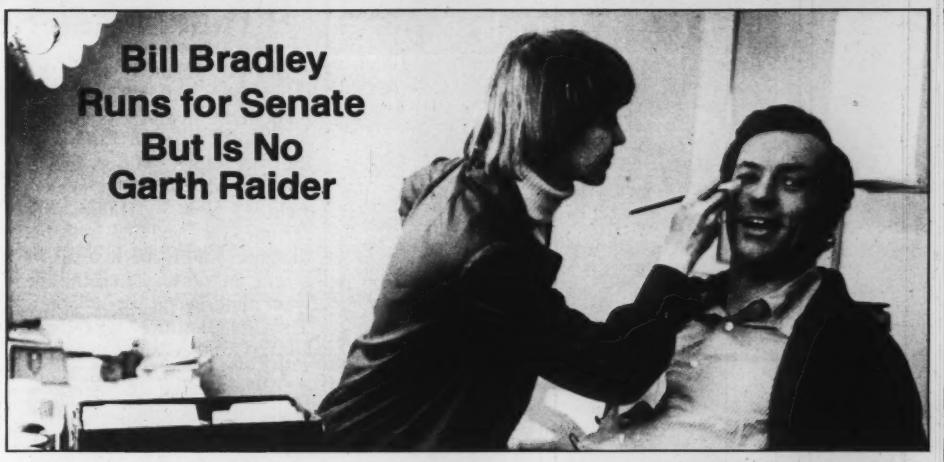
Imported, prepared and bottled by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. 48 proof bitter liqueur.

## CAMPARI & SODA

*Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of club soda. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.*

*The Senator sets, speaks . . . It's good!*

# Bill Bradley Runs for Senate But Is No Garth Raider



EILEEN MILLER/BLACK STAR

**Bradley: Wears long pants**

Politics

Can a good-looking, 210-pound, supposedly cerebral basketball player use his celebrity status to make himself a 6′5″ United States senator? Two shorter folk heroes, astronauts John Glenn and Walter Schmitt, did it in Ohio and New Mexico. Former Knicks champ Bill Bradley thinks he can do it in New Jersey.

Bradley, 34, formally announced his candidacy in the Democratic primary last week. He'd prepped for the race by doing the Jersey political dinner circuit the past 18 months; helping out unpopular Governor Brendan Byrne in his re-election last year; and working the money bags. The latter has brought dividends—about $150,000, twice the amount of his opponent, Richard Leone, 38, a former state treasurer.

Leone has what Bradley doesn't: the backing of the powerful Democratic organization and the genius of media adviser David Garth. (Garth met with Bradley and let it be known he was unimpressed. Besides, he'd known Leone for years.)

The winner of the June 6 primary faces liberal Republican incumbent, Clifford Case, an institution in the U.S. Senate for 23 years, who, this time, looks vulnerable.

Bradley showed some of his style at a recent affair at the Bergen County Mens Democratic Club. He arrived at the informal restaurant dinner (actually a five-course dinner dance for a mixed audience of 200) armed with a speech on energy. He dumped it in favor of an off-the-cuff, "I'm a good guy" homily on his qualifications: "The question is not whether a professional basketball player can be a good United States senator, but whether he can work with people. Does he have the qualities of character is the question—and they are as likely to be found among electricians, lawyers, doctors, businessmen." Argh. He proved one thing that night: he is not a charismatic speaker. He shakes hands well and gives autographs nicely. Physically, despite an extra 10 pounds from on-the-road junk food and little exercise, he is still impressive.

To help him resolve the anomaly of a 6′5″ frame and a diffident presence, Bradley has hired Los Angeles media man Michael Kaye. A relative neophyte to out-of-California races, Kaye has built a reputation on Jerry Brown's short-lived presidential bid and Senator Howard Metzenbaum's successful '76 race in Ohio.

Kaye knows he has some brushing up to do on his client's image and dead delivery: "Bill does have a tendency to talk in a monotone." But the bottom line for Bradley may well be his failure to get the support of his fellow Princetonian, Governor Byrne. Democrats who shunned Byrne during his re-election campaign—and there were plenty of them—are anxious to get back in his good graces. One way is to work for Byrne's favored candidate, Richard Leone.

*—Jane Perlez*

WIDE WORLD

WIDE WORLD

NEWSWEEK/BERNARD GOTFRYD

DIANA H. WALKER

**Zbig, Cy: And antecedents**

# Brzezinski Fights for Helm, Finds Vance in His Pants

A developing rivalry between Zbigniew Brzezinski and Cyrus Vance increases constantly with a State Department exceedingly unhappy with the Zbig's influence over American foreign policy. The first and so far best-known of the Brzezinski initiatives was President Carter's January globe-hopping, which the striped-pants boys regarded as silly.

Two other policies are now pinned on Brzezinski's collar. First, the decision to make an issue of Cuban troops' presence in the horn of Africa, where Somalia is at war with Ethiopia—which has Soviet and Cuban assistance. Vance's State Department believes there's little the United States can do there, except protest—and it would be a distinguished occasion if our protest affected Cuban policy. Anyhow, having committed ourselves publicly and antagonistically, the Carter Administration has put one more block in the way of normalizing relations with Havana: says an irritated State Department official of Brzezinski's policy, "He's turned a page 30 story into Page One."

Second, Brzezinski's work caused the Carter reverse on Euro-Communism. The President had said early on that the United States shouldn't panic about Communist participation in European regimes, but recently he's taken a hard line. State officials worry that such American opposition will be counterproductive and will only be seen as meddling. "One reason Carter's foreign policy still seems a lot like an ineffective version of Kissinger's," concludes an official, "is that Zbiggy's a lot like Henry—only not as smart."

1978
ANDREW GOLD
HAS KEPT HIS PROMISE

IT BEGAN WITH THE HUGE HIT SINGLE LONELY BOY
AND NOW CONTINUES WITH A GREAT NEW ALBUM FROM
THE MOST PROMISING ARTIST OF 1977
"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO"
INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE
"THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND"
PRODUCED BY ANDREW GOLD WITH BROCK WALSH
ENGINEERED BY GREG LADANYI WITH DENNIS KIRK

©1978 Elektra/Asylum Records



# "IT": The Thing That Melted New Hampshire

Soviet Cosmos 954, the thing from outer space that panicked Canada, was not the first "hot" object to fall out of the sky. Last winter, when William McCarthy, a Wakefield, New Hampshire, farmer, was walking with his daughter and niece in a snowstorm, he noticed that the ice was melting on their pond. The temperature was near zero. (Ooo-eee-ohh.)

The three saw a black object "resting in a bowl-shaped depression melted in the ice . . . a one-foot cube with a dull finish, like a car battery." They walked as close as they could get—about 6 feet—fetched a pole from the barn, and, when they returned, the black thing had melted through 18 inches of ice. Within hours, all the ice thawed in a 40-foot circle.

That evening, Wakefield police officers checked for radioactivity and got a "definite reading." A Civil Defense representative arrived later with three geiger counters and got similar indications. They say they saw a clear square hole in the ice. (Ooo-eee-ohh.)

The word spread, and AP, UPI, the *New York Times*, Boston television crews converged. ("Gentlemen, we know no more than you . . .") The State Police sealed off the area, while officials cut the remaining ice with chain saws to pump and excavate McCarthy's pond. Their announcement was "no radioactivity."

Two weeks later, the McCarthy's German shepherd —which had been nosing around in the snow on the morning of the alleged black cube—got very sick ("Daddy, Daddy . . . something's wrong with Rex . . .") and died. The veterinarian who opened him up said he'd never seen anything like that dog's insides: "an intestine full of blood. And there was a blackberry jam-like substance." An autopsy was inconclusive.

Now, a year later, little about the incident is consistent. "There certainly was an object in the pond"—William McCarthy. Greg Smith, state Attorney General's office: "There was no object."

"The melting was caused by spring action in the pond"— Greg Smith. Cathy McCarthy: "There's no spring near it; we dug that pond. It's filled by run-off."

"We got definite radioactive readings" on three separate geiger counters—Officer Vernon Plummer and Civil Defense representative Don Howard. Greg Smith: "Their instruments were faulty, not working well in the cold.

WIDE WORLD

**Hard Rain: Melts snow**

"Only mud was removed," said Greg Smith—in what State Police insisted was a single plastic bag. But William Morrison, a science teacher, photographed the transporting of a second bag from the pond to a waiting station wagon, a bag which several witnesses agree appeared "very heavy." ("It wasn't just mud, Daddy!" "Now, Kitten.")

Then, word came from the governor's office via the Wakefield police, to "keep quiet about all this." One local official, still constrained by the year-old gag order, stated that, "if people told the truth about this, McCarthy and his daughter were not the only ones to see it." (Ooo-eee-ohh . . .

The End . . . Or What?)

*—Michael W. Robbins*

*Jim Crowcaine laws*

## In Texas, Justice Is Snowblind

Rufus Shaw, a $35,000-a-year account executive for a black radio station and a former honor student and star athlete at Stanford and SMU, found out February 3 that Dallas juries don't cotton to uppity blacks: after deliberating for 2½ hours, an all-white, mostly middle-aged jury convicted the 26-year-old father of three on a charge of delivering 1/60 of an ounce of cocaine, and sentenced him to 15 years in prison.

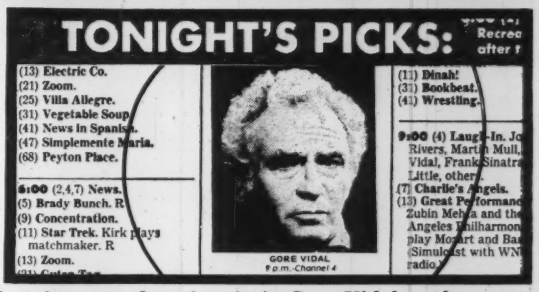
Police undercover agents in Mesquite, a predominantly blue-collar white suburb of Dallas, tried to buy 16 ounces of coke from a suspected big-time dealer named John Thomas Jones; on the day of the big deal, Jones was still frantically trying to round up the requested merchandise. While the "buyers" waited in his office, Jones called Shaw, needing help with the deal.

Shaw says Jones met him at the elevator of his building and handed him a sack. When they entered Jones' office, Shaw tossed the sack on a desk, and the cops arrested both men.

Jones, who is white, was tried first. He pleaded guilty and received a seven-year sentence. Shaw protested his innocence and was given 15 years. Tom Mills, one of the defense attorneys, said afterward that his client apparently hurt his own cause by being too forceful, articulate and assertive in his testimony.

"The very qualities that allowed him to pull himself out of the ghetto," said Mills, "were the qualities that turned the jury against him. If he had bowed and scraped, he would have been better off. One juror complained afterward that he didn't act humble and apologetic."

*—Gregory Graze*


TONIGHT'S PICKS:
(13) Electric Co.
(21) Zoom.
(25) Villa Allegre.
(31) Vegetable Soup.
(41) News in Spanish.
(47) Simplemente Maria.
(68) Peyton Place.
5:00 (2,4,7) News.
(5) Brady Bunch. R
(9) Concentration.
(11) Star Trek. Kirk plays matchmaker. R
(13) Zoom.
GORE VIDAL
9 p.m. Channel 4
(11) Dinah!
(31) Bookbeat.
(41) Wrestling.
9:00 (4) Laugh-In. Joan Rivers, Martin Mull, Gore Vidal, Frank Sinatra, Liza Minnelli, others.
(7) Charlie's Angels.
(13) Great Performances. Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic play Mozart and Bartok. (Simulcast with WNCN radio.)
NEW YORK POST 2/8/78

**Advertisements for whom?: As Gore Vidal awoke one morning from a troubled dream, he found himself changed in his bed to some monstrous kind of vermin . . .**

## Unsinkable Good Looks!

*TRUE STORY! At 2 a.m. on the 10th day out in the South China Sea, a world-travelling Haband customer, a retired U.S. Army Colonel from California, awoke in horror to the scream of the ship's fire siren and jumped into his Haband Slacks. Cast away in an overloaded lifeboat, he endured a "most horrible ungodly typhoon, eventual pickup by a Japanese tanker, and an overland trip thru the jungle to Singapore." Back home after his 3-day ordeal, the press reported these made-in-USA Haband Knit Dress Slacks could not be distinguished from the other fresh-from-the-dry-cleaners trousers in his closet!*

(From an ad on the back page of the *Sunday News.*)

*Yes, yes, yes. But did* he *survive? Does he wander* sans *trousers in Singapore? (We will solve this mystery.)*


# DISHWATCHER

Who said you can't make chores seem pleasant? It's easy with Sony's 5" (measured diagonally) black-and-white portable TV. It'll go with you from room to room and with an optional battery pack it'll even leave home. It's 100% solid-state, weighs 7 lbs. 11 oz. and has a glare-free screen. Our little Sony makes whatever you're doing more fun. Even if what you're doing is dishes. **"IT'S A SONY."**

Model TV-520 Black/White Portable. TV Picture simulated.
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# TRACK SUNDAY

*An idea whose time has come*

## Los Altos Hills Bans Deadly Running Hordes

In Los Altos Hills, California, two measures before city officials could result in making stocking masks part of a jogger's uniform. One would require a license for jogging within city limits and set down guidelines for acceptable running behavior. The other would outlaw jogging altogether. Illicit jogging would become a serious crime punishable by six months in jail and a $500 fine.

City officials are enraged by what City Manager Bob Crowe calls "*Organized* Jogging": "There's a group of Organized Joggers who run from Foothill College down Moody Road, a very narrow street. They run six and seven abreast. Residents of the area are scared to death when they drive the road, not knowing when they'll come across the Joggers."

"Joggers have hit at passing cars," added City Council member David Proft. "Their attitude has been very uncooperative. We tell them there's a safety problem, and they tell us to close the road to automobile traffic if that's the case." Proft remembered angrily, "I talked to the Joggers' leader. He kind of went up one side of me, down the other, chewed me up and spit me out. He asked if I was a jogger, and I said no. He told me that I couldn't understand the problem then."

Central to the raging Los Altos controversy is the Foothill Fun Run, a group of 100 joggers who make their

**Seventies**

way down Moody Road every Sunday morning. "People in the neighborhood have been late to church, and this makes them very upset at the Organized Joggers," said Council member Lucille Hillstead.

The Organized Jogger Movement, spearheaded by *Runner's World* owner Bob Anderson, plans to oppose the anti-jogging laws.

If the Los Altos City Council decides to outlaw Organized Jogging, a Joggers' Underground will doubtless spring up, as will eventually defense funds, gun battles, mass arrests, Adidas roundups. —*Douglas Z. Foster*

*Origin of the mail species*

## Government Sues Couple For Delivering Mail On Time

Pat Brennan of Rochester, New York, was so annoyed when a letter from a friend in Idaho took a month to arrive that she decided to deliver letters herself. In early 1976, she founded the P.H. Brennan Hand Delivery Service and began handling the mail for downtown Rochester law firms, delivering it faster and cheaper than the U.S. Postal Service. The law firms loved it, and the Brennan Delivery Service expanded. It now has four workers, including Pat's husband Paul, delivering several thousand pieces of mail a day, for 10–50 cents, depending on size and weight. However, the Postal Service has taken the Brennans to court, charging that their operation illegally delivers first-class mail.

The case, opening Washington's Birthday in the U.S. Second District Court of Appeals in New York City, covers virgin legal territory and will probably go all the way to the Supreme Court. Its roots can be traced back to 1970, when Congress created the U.S. Postal Service, a private, for-profit corporation, to replace the federal Post Office Department. The Postal Service was granted sole right to regularly deliver first-class mail over postal roads (streets, railroads, air routes). The government charges that the Brennan firm attempted to break this monopoly.

In court, the Postal Service has argued that the Brennan Delivery Service threatens its existence by depriving the quasi-governmental corporation of lucrative inner-city mail. "Short delivery isn't expensive; rural and long distance is," says Gerald Houlihan, assistant U.S. attorney for the Western District of New York, who represents the government. The Brennans, he says, are "skimming the cream," while the Postal Service has to guarantee deliveries "to the smallest hamlet." "What would the Brennans do," Houlihan wonders, "if they had to deliver letters to and from Idaho?"

WIDE WORLD

**Pat Brennan: Breaks carrier barrier**

Michael Normoyle, one of the lawyers representing the Brennan firm, argues that Congress overstepped its constitutional authority in passing the Private Express Statutes: "It has the power to establish post offices and postal roads, but it cannot implement these by way of a monopoly." He adds that the Brennans are being discriminated against "in an arbitrary and capricious manner" because other, larger private carriers—United Parcel Service, Purolator, etc.—duplicate Postal Service services without the threat of prosecution. Says Normoyle: "There's no rational basis for exclusion of some and inclusion of others," within the limits of the statutes.

Pat Brennan had "no idea" she'd ever have to do battle with the U.S. Postal Service, but she now vows to "take the punches" to the Supreme Court, if necessary. "If they're willing to take us," she says, "we're willing to go." —*Josh Martin*

# OMNI'S TOPS.

*Motor Trend* magazine thinks so. Which is why Dodge Omni became *Motor Trend* Car of the Year.

Veteran car critics and testers have been reporting some very nice things about Omni. Like the confident feel of its front-wheel drive. And the kind of space front-wheel drive gives Omni's occupants. So, the nation's automotive press also thinks so.

We think you're going to think Omni's tops, too. Because Omni can get so much done... lots more in fact... than it did for the car experts. We say that because it will take thousands of miles around the town and out in the country to put Omni to its truest test. With you at the wheel.

**$4135:* (CAR AS SHOWN)**
**$3706:* (BASE STICKER PRICE)**

Dodge
A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Now, car testers don't worry too much about price. But you have to. So it's nice to know Omni prices start at just $3706:* Which includes such standard items as an AM radio, vinyl body-side moldings, and whitewall radial tires. With a little judicious selection of options and trim packages, you can own an Omni like the one in the picture for just $4135:*

For that kind of money, you get a lot of versatility. First of all, Omni is built for American-sized folks. There are four wide doors for easy entry. There is a great big 10.2-cubic-foot storage compartment when the rear seat is in place. Fold the seat down, and you get a cavernous 35.8-cubic-foot area that'll take on a surprising lot of cargo. Omni is roomier than you might expect.

You can make your Omni roomier yet. More versatile. Order it with an optional factory-installed multipurpose carryall roof rack. With appropriate attachments, it'll handle bikes, skis, baggage, or other cargo up to 150 pounds. After all, the more you carry outside, the more you can carry inside.

**EPA ESTIMATES:**
**38 MPG HIGHWAY/25 MPG CITY.**

Omni is also very obliging on gas mileage. EPA estimates are 38 MPG (highway)/25 MPG (city). That's when your Omni is equipped with its standard 1.7 litre engine and four-speed transmission and 3.3 transaxle ratio. Your mileage may vary. Depends on how you drive, your car's condition, and its equipment. And California mileage is lower.

With so much waiting for you to see, and try, and feel, why not get down to your Dodge Dealer's soon. We think you'll end up buying or leasing the car so many experts say is tops in its class for 1978.

**MOTOR TREND CAR OF THE YEAR**

# DODGE OMNI.
## IT DOES IT ALL.

*Does not include taxes and destination charges.

# The Air Pollution You Can't See

## Americans are exposed to so much microwave radiation that some researchers fear a major public-health disaster. The government, critics charge, is doing nothing to end this hazard and everything to cover it up

by Scott Kaufer

The *New Yorker*, one is led to believe, is the sort of magazine where staff writers talk slowly and quietly, about things like literature and music. But in his cubbyhole office on the 18th floor, Paul Brodeur is nearly shouting, and he sounds like an excited police reporter.

"This is becoming a big story!" he says. "And it's gonna get even bigger in the next few months. I mean, this thing is really taking off. Whoosh!" Then, a bit sheepishly, he smiles.

Brodeur's "big story" is about the dangers of microwave radiation. Two and a half years ago, his editor, William Shawn, said to him, "I've heard something about microwaves. Do you know anything about it?" Brodeur didn't, so he began doing research. What he found surprised him. Everyone knew about microwave ovens, of course, but Brodeur found that microwaves are also used in burglar alarms, diathermy machines (which treat arthritis, sprains, muscle soreness and congested sinuses), TV transmitters, automatic garage-door openers, telephone relay systems and driver-aid call-boxes on highways. The food industry uses microwaves—to roast things like peanuts and coffee beans. Citizen's Band radios emit microwaves. And radar uses microwaves—which means there is radiation pulsing out over military bases, civilian airports and every stretch of road where police have speed traps. Indeed, Brodeur found there were so many microwave-emitting devices that the country is surrounded by what some environmentalists call "electronic smog."

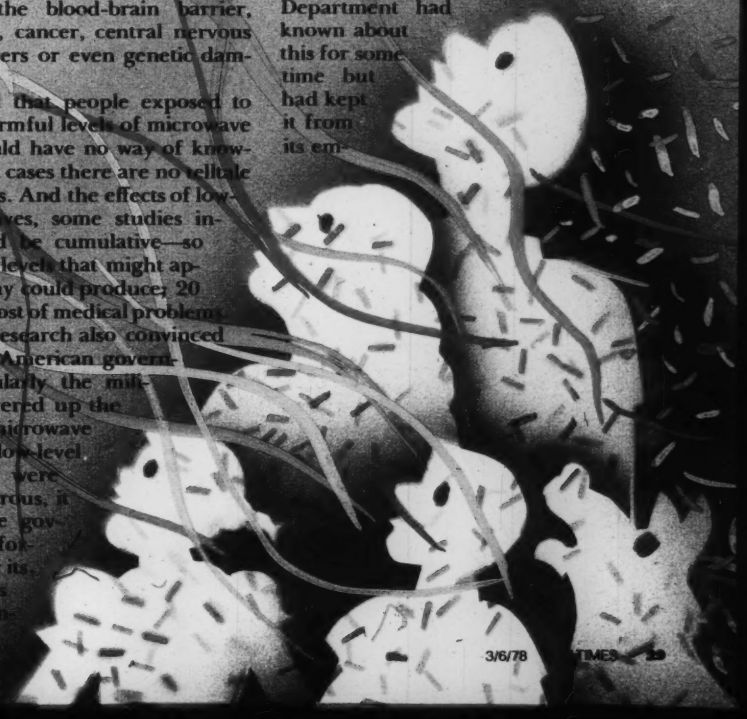
It has long been known that at high enough levels microwave radiation produces heat—enough, the TV commercials will tell you, to cook a five-pound roast in 25 minutes. But when microwave technology began to develop in earnest after World War II, it was assumed that *only* these thermal effects posed any danger to workers or the general public. So people were told to watch that they didn't get skin burns, and that was that. At levels below the thermal point, microwave radiation was considered safe (as opposed to X-rays and gamma rays, further down the electromagnetic spectrum, which were known to be hazardous). But Brodeur learned to his horror that low-level, non-thermal microwave radiation could be dangerous indeed.

He came across studies—many from Eastern Europe, because American scientists have been remarkably unconcerned about the subject—showing that long-term exposure to low-level microwave radiation might cause headaches, dizziness, fatigue, irritability, loss of judgment, leukemia, cataracts, changes in the blood-brain barrier, heart trouble, cancer, central nervous system disorders or even genetic damage.

He learned that people exposed to potentially harmful levels of microwave radiation would have no way of knowing it. In most cases there are no telltale sensory signals. And the effects of low-level microwaves, some studies indicated, could be cumulative—so that radiation levels that might appear safe today could produce, 20 years later, a host of medical problems.

Brodeur's research also convinced him that the American government—particularly the military—had covered up the hazards of microwave radiation. (If low-level microwaves were proved dangerous, it could cost the government a fortune to modify its radar systems and to compensate victims of microwave-related injuries.) Brodeur found that industry, too, had an enormous financial stake in fostering the notion that low-level radiation was safe. The same companies that make microwave ovens—General Electric, Litton and the rest—also produce radar devices for the government. It is all very big business.

Brodeur wrote about this in a massive two-part story that appeared in the *New Yorker* in December 1976. His article also told about the bizarre events at the American Embassy in Moscow, a story originally broken in 1972 by Jack Anderson and later fleshed out by several other reporters. Anderson revealed that the Soviets had been beaming microwaves into the embassy since the early 1960s, possibly to injure the Americans working and living there. The State Department had known about this for some time but had kept it from its em-



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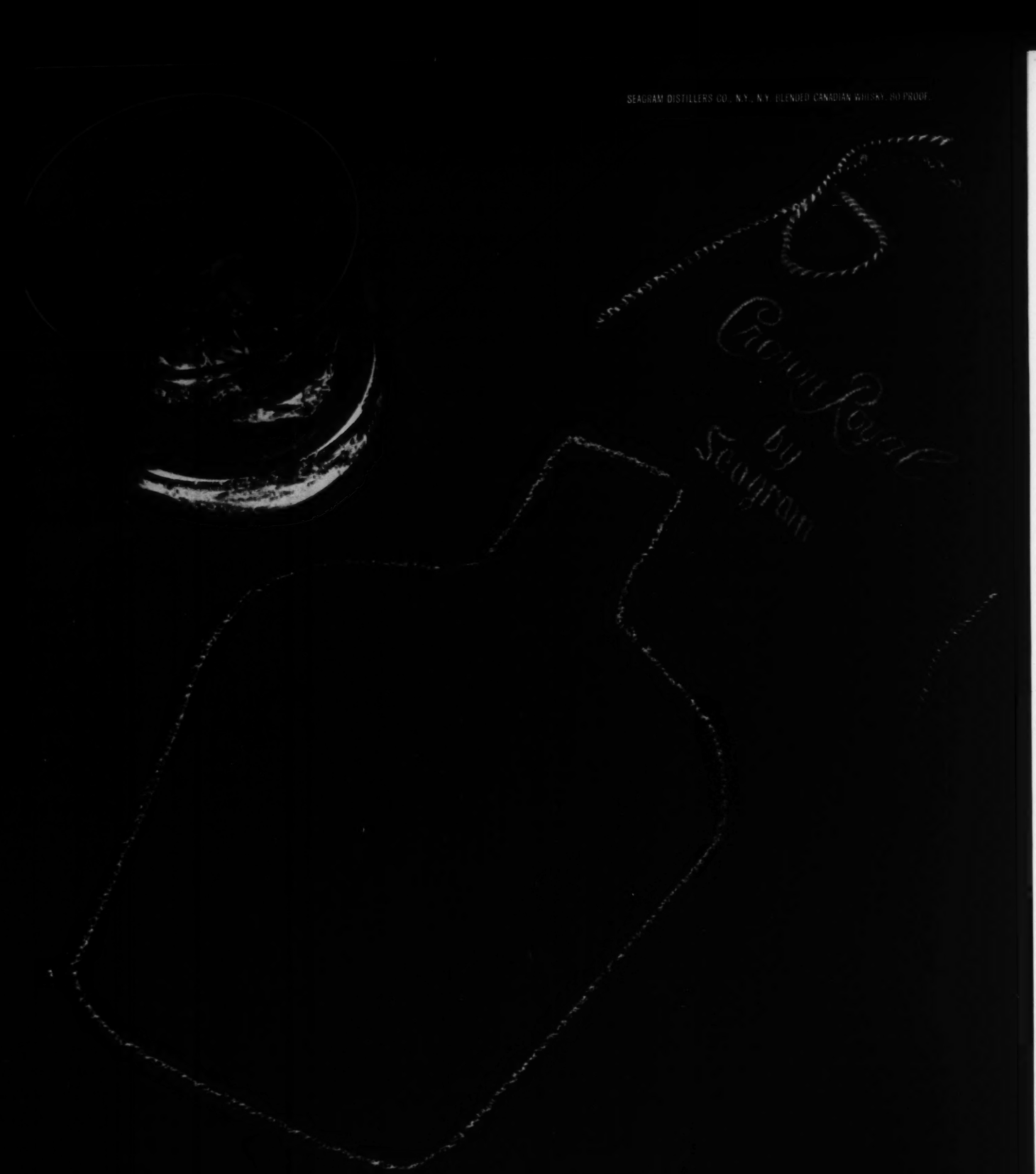



# The butler did it.

ployees in Moscow—even as it tested them, under false pretenses, for medical complications (and found them).

In 1977, Brodeur expanded his *New Yorker* piece into a book (*The Zapping of America*, published by Norton three months ago), and it is the book that—whoosh!—has taken off and become a big story. *Zapping* has yet to make the best-seller lists, but it has turned the question of "electronic smog" into a public, and often savage, debate. On one side are industry and the military, and the experts who support them. On the other side are a handful of dogged scientists and doctors—and Paul Brodeur, a 46-year-old science writer and novelist, who can barely conceal his anger when talking about his new antagonists.

"This military/electronics-industry complex," he says, "has dominated the bio-medical research into this, has been the chief source of funding and has *deliberately* suppressed study after study. I mean, I could give you a dozen examples.

"And when I say suppression, I mean this kind of suppression: A researcher takes an Air Force radar and he irradiates a lot of mice with a certain frequency and a certain power density. And he finds, as this researcher did in 1962, that *thirty percent* of his irradiated mice develop leukemia, whereas only about five or ten percent of the control group does. Well, now there's a study that cries out for further study. What happened? Nothing. *Nothing*. No more money. *The Air Force didn't want to know.*

"Now this bill of goods that the military/electronics-industry complex has sold the country is that we can absorb all this stuff with impunity. It ain't gonna hurt you. Nothing's gonna happen.

"Well, that's bullshit. We've raised the levels of electromagnetic pollution—in our cities, around our airports, near military bases, in the homes where there are leaking microwave ovens—we've raised these levels in many instances 100–200 million times over what emanates naturally from the sun and the stars.

"If you walk the streets of any American city—I don't care if it's Binghamton, New York City or San Diego—you'll see big transmitters on tops of buildings. You'll see them for telephone relay microwave systems, for the local FM and television stations, for all kinds of short-wave communication systems between municipal garbage trucks, and police, and whatever else. And all these frequencies, all this radiation has an effect on the human organism. In other words, we absorb it.

"The essential question that the military and electronics industry, and the medical and scientific community, and the government have not addressed yet is: What does this stuff do over the long run? What are the results of long-term, chronic exposure?

"Well, some of it is terrifying."

For as long as he can remember, Paul Brodeur has wanted to live on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. So in 1974 he bought two acres of land in North Truro, and three years later began building a summer home that he calls his "dream house."

His dream house—Brodeur laughs now when he talks about it, because in an eerie sort of way the story is almost funny. A month after construction began, he learned, quite by accident, that his house was being irradiated by microwaves from the North Truro Air Force Station, located a bare mile to the east. Brodeur had known the station was there, but assumed its radar was searching only the sea. In fact, it was sweeping over the land as well. One day Brodeur took some equipment to his property and measured the level of microwave radiation. He got a reading of 150 microwatts per square centimeter—about *ten times* what the Soviets were beaming into the American Embassy in Moscow.

**Studies have linked sustained microwave exposure to headaches, dizziness, fatigue, irritability, loss of judgment, leukemia, cataracts, changes in the blood-brain barrier, heart trouble, cancer, central nervous disorders and even genetic damage**

So on a cold, clear day several weeks ago, Brodeur left New York on a shuttle flight to Boston, and by late afternoon he was barreling down the Mid-Cape Highway, heading for North Truro. There would be a meeting that night at a local elementary school, organized by residents of the town who, like Brodeur, had recently become alarmed about what the Air Force radar might be doing to them.

The meeting was called for 8:00 p.m., but Lt. Col. Frank Hall, the commander of the Air Force station, was there an hour early. While his men set up a slide projector at the front of the school's auditorium, Hall paced the aisles looking bored. The radar station has been in North Truro for 20 years, and Hall couldn't understand why there should suddenly be a big fuss about it. After all, he said, there are radar installations all over the country.

But he seemed grateful that the residents didn't appear hostile. "I think we've had good relations in the community," Hall said. "First of all, we run a softball league on our installation. And we have an annual fish fry where last year we donated about two thousand dollars to needy people on the Cape. It really doesn't seem like there's any great turmoil. I just think the people want to know, 'What is the situation?'" As the auditorium began to fill, Hall predicted that when the meeting started the place would be about half empty.

He was wrong. All the seats were soon taken, and many of the 300 people who came had to stand in clusters at the back. Perhaps fearing he had miscalculated the crowd's mood as well as its size, Hall began the meeting by peering over his lectern and warning, "We are not here tonight to confront anyone, or to be confronted by anyone." With that, the lights went out, and Hall began showing slides of Soviet bombers. These, he said, can hit any target in America—which is why radar stations like the one at North Truro have to remain vigilant. Then he flashed on the screen a map of North America showing the location of NORAD (North American Defense Command) radar stations. Sitting near the front of the darkened auditorium, Paul Brodeur almost gasped. "Look at that!" he whispered. More electronic smog.

When the lights came on, though, it soon became clear to Hall that his audience feared the radar more than the Russians. Some Air Force officials who shared the podium with him tried to mollify the people of Truro, but without success. The questions from the floor had an edge to them.

Are you saying, one man asked, that sustained exposure to low-level microwaves from the North Truro station is safe?

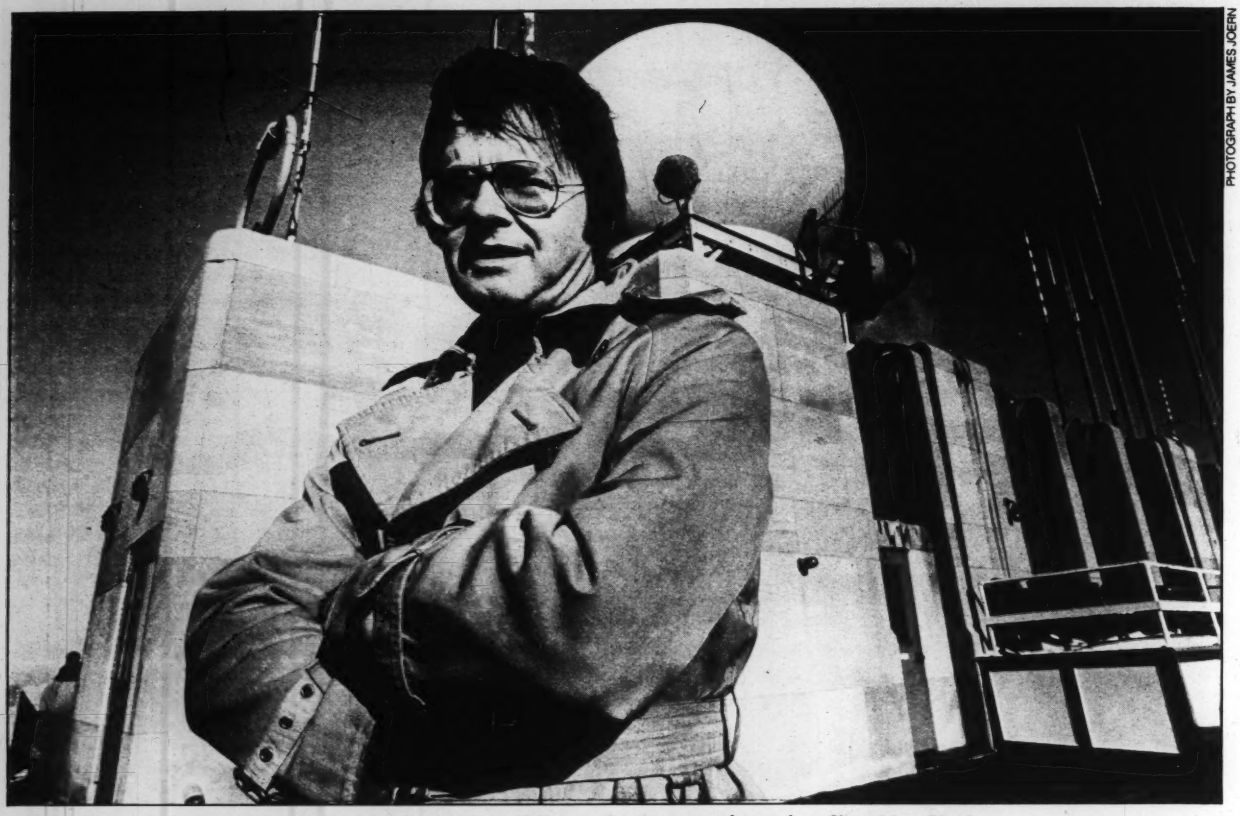
"That's correct," said John Mitchell, a civilian physicist from the Air Force School of Aerospace Medicine in San Antonio, Texas. "The levels we're talking about this evening are certainly well below the level we consider hazardous."

But aren't we getting more microwave radiation than Americans at the embassy in Moscow got?

Mitchell said he wasn't an expert on the situation in Moscow.

An Air Force wife wanted to know what the radiation levels were at various points on the radar station itself—for example, the laundry room.

Lt. Col. Hall said he didn't know. From the back of the room someone shouted, "We want those figures, man! What did you come here for without those figures?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

**Indecent exposure: Paul Brodeur atop the RCA building, whose transmitters irradiate New York**

A local doctor said he thought radiation levels at the North Truro station should be *proven* safe, in light of studies showing dangers from low-level microwaves. "And if there is any doubt, I, as a physician, would like to recommend that it [the irradiation] be stopped."

John Mitchell replied that "there are many other scientific opinions" on some of the studies the doctor cited. And he said that based on what the Air Force knew, "We certainly are confident that we are not putting out levels at the North Truro Air Force Station on anyone that would cause them any harm."

The doctor asked Mitchell what long-term studies he knew about that proved low-level microwave radiation was safe for humans. When Mitchell began citing animal experiments, the doctor said, "I'd like to know the experiments with *people*."

"Certainly I don't know of any human experiments," Mitchell said.

"Then how can you assume that this beam is totally safe?"

And it went on like that all night, the Air Force men trying to placate and deny, and not getting very far with the residents of Truro. A pregnant woman rose to say she didn't find the answers she was hearing very reassuring; George Wald, a Harvard professor and Cape resident who shared the 1967 Nobel Prize in medicine, chided the Air Force for relying on a safety standard based on the "irrelevant assumption" that only thermal effects of microwaves were hazardous; and finally a woman stood up, looked at the Air Force men and said, "If you are our protectors, who is going to protect us from you?"

"Boy," said Brodeur, "these guys have walked into a fucking buzz saw, haven't they? Isn't this dynamite?"

If the Air Force wants to study the long-term effects of microwave radiation on humans, it might take a look at Joe Towne and his friends.

From 1957 to 1966, Towne was stationed at McClellan Air Force Base in North Highlands, California. Every fourth day, he spent 14–18 hours aboard an EC-121 plane, a flying radar station. He was a radar technician, a trouble-shooter whose job it was to keep the equipment working. Then, ten years ago, Joe Towne learned he had developed cataracts. The lenses in both his eyes were removed. "I now use glasses that make me look like Peter Lorre in an old horror film, if you know what I mean," he says. "They look like the bottom of a Coke bottle." Towne says he has no doubt that his exposure to microwave radiation caused his cataracts.

He began to suspect a connection between radar work and cataracts when, after his surgery, he ran into a friend from the Air Force. As they talked, they realized that an alarming number of their friends from McClellan were now looking at the world through Coke-bottle glasses. When he checked into it, Towne found that of the 70 former EC-121 crew members who lived near him in North Highlands, 12 had developed cataracts. He reported this to the Air Force and offered to cooperate in any examinations the military might want to conduct. He assumed that the Air Force would want to study these 70 men. "But it didn't turn out that way," Towne says. "We found out very, very rapidly that they were more interested in covering it up than investigating it further. They gave us the brush-off." One doctor familiar with the case says the Air Force has treated Towne and his friends as "lepers."

"They've put a wrap around this thing," Towne says. "We do know there were radiation leakages in the birds we flew. But when you're dealing with the Air Force they put a security lid on it, and that's that. Their big concern, apparently, is to protect themselves—the Department of Defense—and their bedfellows in industry. It's the old military-industrial complex."

In 1969, Towne sued RCA, Litton, Raytheon and General Electric, makers of the radar devices aboard the EC-121, and Lockheed, the plane's prime contractor. Some settled out of court. Others took advantage of California's one-year statute of limitations in personal

injury cases. He also won a Veterans Administration disability claim, which was not easy. A V.A. claimant must prove that his disability is service-connected. In microwave cases, the military's long history of denying any adverse effects from low-level radiation makes the claim a hard one to prove. The Veterans Administration has only recently, and grudgingly, begun awarding disability benefits to microwave victims (causing no small amount of consternation in high military circles).

In part to help others press their claims with the V.A.—it can be a long and discouraging fight—Towne founded the Radar Victims Network in 1969. He operates it from his home, receiving no salary and charging no dues. There are about 150 members, and Towne keeps up with as many of them as he can.

There is the member in New York who worked as a radar trouble-shooter in the Korean War. He now has cataracts, central nervous system damage, heart trouble and emotional problems. "Arthur is in pretty tough shape," Towne says.

There is the member from the Midwest who had two cataract operations, then developed surgical complications and is now blind. "He was a hell of an outdoorsman," Towne says. "He liked to go camping, that sort of thing. Of course, now that's all over for him. Now the kids lead him down to the lake, sit him on the dock, put a line in his hand, and he fishes by feel."

And there is Thomas Montgomery, a member who lives in Groton, Connecticut. As Towne says, Montgomery "got zapped pretty good." It happened in 1949, when Montgomery was a civilian radar repairman working for the Army Signal Corps in Baltimore. He and a colleague were testing a radar unit mounted on a mobile van. At one point, Montgomery was left alone at the van and, noticing a malfunction in the system, he shut the power off and climbed to the roof to make repairs. When his colleague returned, unaware that Montgomery was on the roof, he switched the power back on. Montgomery, in turn, had no idea that the radar was operating. He continued to work while being exposed to intense microwave radiation from a transmitter less than two feet from his head.

Later that day, Montgomery began to feel dizzy and lost the hearing in his right ear. He kept working, but over the next several weeks, and then years, his condition worsened. He is now totally blind and deaf and has equilibrium problems so severe that he can walk only when assisted, or when he props himself up against a wall and slides along it.

To talk with Thomas Montgomery, it is first necessary to pose your question to his wife or his married daughter, who lives with her father and helps care for him. Then, letter by letter, they will write the question on the palm of his right hand. In an interview conducted in this fashion recently, Montgomery recalled that when he started working with radar equipment, he was told that the only danger to guard against was skin burns. Aside from that, he was assured, there was nothing about microwave radiation to worry about.

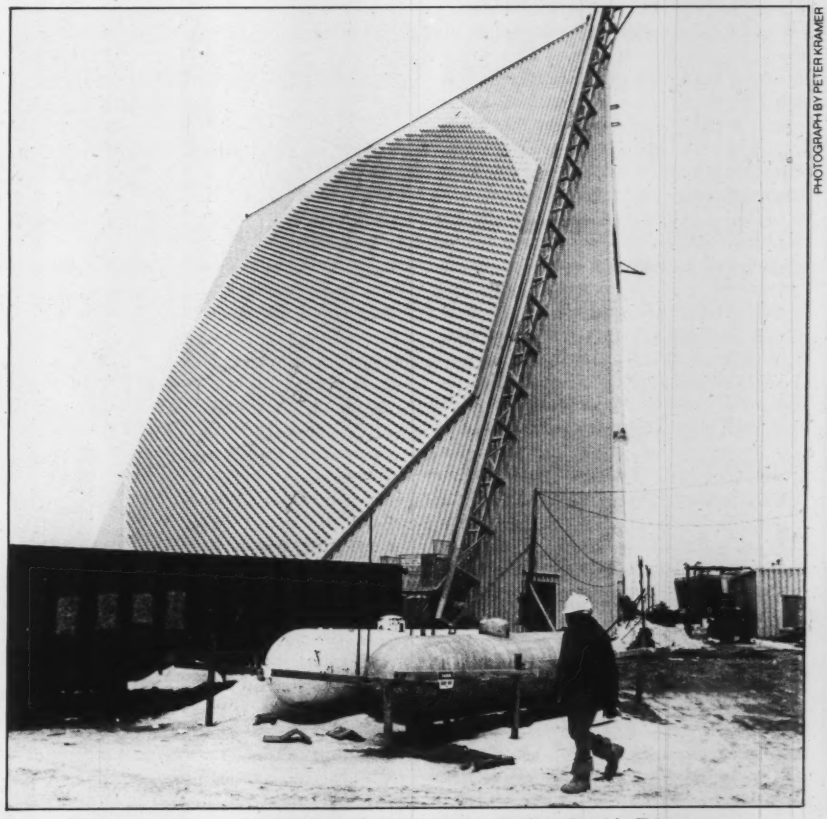
"I don't know about a cover-up," Montgomery said, "but I have a document here that says the Institute of Radio Engineers in the late 1940s formulated safeguards against the potential hazards of microwave radiation. That information, as far as I know, was never disseminated throughout the electronics community."

Montgomery's daughter took his hand and, paraphrasing a question, wrote on his palm, "Since the publicity about microwave radiation has come out, people who feel they have been affected are angry. Are you?"

"No," he said, "because in any new technology there's always some element of danger. But I'm overly concerned about why this information was kept so quiet for so long before we had many disastrous cases. All the data tend to indicate that some well-informed people knew of the possible dangers in the late 1940s. I'm angry because I didn't have any concrete information until 1959, 17 years after I had been actively engaged in the field of radiation technology. I cannot be satisfied about that inexcusable information gap."

Montgomery also seemed upset by the way the government has treated him. Although he eventually won a disability pension from the Department of Labor(Montgomery's case did not go before the V.A. because he was a civilian employee of the Army), it was only after the sort of tug-of-war that usually accompanies microwave injury claims. The claim examiners argued at first that Montgomery's case was entirely circumstantial. He might very well be blind and deaf, a Labor Department doctor wrote, but can he prove this is job related? Montgomery's doctor had by that time ruled out all other possible explanations for his condition, but the Department of Labor wasn't convinced. "I do not believe," the department's doctor wrote in a memo, "that the conclusions reached by [Montgomery's doctor] . . . constitute rationalized medical opinion to connect claimant's blindness and loss of hearing to his employment."

Fortunately for Montgomery, though, the Department of Labor referred his case to Dr. Milton M. Zaret, an opthalmologist in Scarsdale, New York. Zaret found Montgomery's claim entirely plausible, to the surprise of no one associated with the case. After all,



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER KRAMER

**Cape Cod's huge PAVE PAWS radar: With friends like the Air Force . . .**

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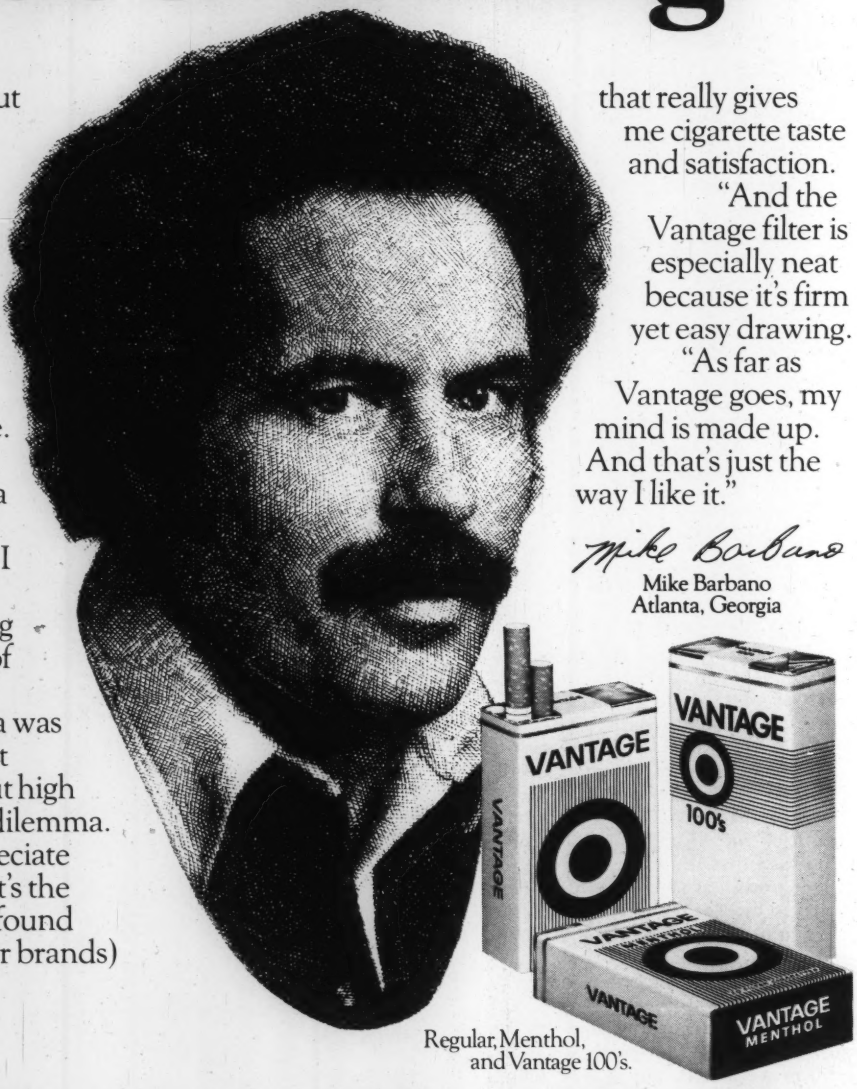
Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia

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Zaret had been warning of the hazards of microwave radiation for years. He is, says Paul Brodeur, "the keeper of the conscience of the country on this issue."

Paul Brodeur has written many stories about environmental hazards—about asbestos fibers, detergent enzymes, aerosol sprays. And he has learned that in public health controversies, "things generally come down to one guy with imagination and courage who won't be run over." With microwaves, he says, the guy is Milton Zaret.

Zaret smiles faintly when told of the compliment. "There are no heroes in this story," he says.

Milton Zaret wasn't the first doctor to sound the alarm about low-level radiation, but for the past twenty years he has been the leading critic of the government's microwave policies. Ironically, he first became involved in the microwave controversy at the behest of the Air Force, which paid for Zaret to examine the eyes of military radar technicians and microwave workers in defense-related industries. That was in 1959, and over the next three years Zaret saw 1,600 men. When he was finished, Zaret reported that he had found nothing to demonstrate that people who worked with microwaves ran a special risk of developing cataracts. That had been the point of the study—to see if there was any special risk, and to do so by examining the lens of the eye for imperfections.

It was only after he made his report to the Air Force that Zaret's study yielded significant results—and then only by accident. Several of the private companies that had participated in the study referred some of their employees to Zaret, employees with confirmed cases of cataracts. In examining these men Zaret arrived at a startling finding. The cataracts in every case had formed on the posterior capsular surface—that is, at the back of the eye. Zaret attributed this to the nature of microwave radiation, which can penetrate deeply into human tissue. (Glassblowers, for example, occasionally develop cataracts because of the intense heat to which their eyes are exposed, but these cataracts form at the *front* of the eye.) When Zaret then began to look for posterior capsular damage in the workers selected for the original study—workers whose lenses alone he had been examining before—he found similar results. That led Zaret to his most important conclusion (one that is still hotly disputed by the military): the posterior capsular cataract was a "marker disease," a medical indication, of sustained exposure to low-level microwaves.

But after Zaret published these findings, the Air Force announced it had no intention of pursuing the matter. That was the first time that Milton Zaret, who is now bitterly suspicious of the military's motives in this whole business, raised his eyebrows in surprise.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BETSY FRAMPTON

**Navy Capt. Paul Tyler: There's no military cover-up going on**

At about the same time, the CIA approached Zaret. At first the agency wanted to know of his findings regarding microwave-related cataracts. Zaret described his results. Then the agency began asking a series of strange questions—for example, whether microwaves beamed at a human brain could affect behavior, and whether microwaves could be used in brainwashing. Finally, in 1965, the CIA took Zaret into its confidence. The agency needed these answers, Zaret learned, because the government had discovered that the Soviets were irradiating the U.S. Embassy in Moscow (the story was a secret then, and would remain one until Jack Anderson's report in 1972). Zaret learned of something called "Project Pandora"—a top-secret government effort to unravel the mysteries of the "Moscow Signal," as the Soviet irradiation was called.

Obviously befuddled by the implications of the "Moscow Signal," CIA officials asked Zaret what he thought the government should do. Three things, he said: Insist that the Soviets stop the irradiation; conduct thorough tests of American Embassy personnel; and tell them what was happening, giving them the option of transferring to other posts. Zaret was assured all around that his advice was sage and would be followed. But although President Johnson demanded that the Soviets end the irradiation (they didn't), and although the State Department tested its embassy personnel (and discovered alarming medical problems), nobody said a word about this to the Americans in Moscow. They learned about it when the rest of the world did—seven years later, from newspaper accounts.

Moscow embassy personnel may have been alarmed to read Jack Anderson's 1972 story, but it was nothing compared to what they would feel four years later. In February 1976, the American ambassador told the staff that Soviet irradiation, reported as having taken place in the early 1960s, was still occurring. Soon after the news broke, embassy personnel learned—no thanks to State Department officials, who seemed determined to release only sketchy information, and only when pressed—that a nightmare was unfolding all around them. From a *Boston Globe* story they found out that the ambassador, Walter J. Stoessel, whose office was in the irradiated section of the embassy, had developed a blood disorder similar to leukemia. He was also experiencing bleeding from the eyes. (And it was not lost on embassy personnel that Stoessel's two immediate predecessors had died of cancer.) Under pressure from its angry employees in Moscow, the State Department finally conducted blood tests of embassy personnel and their dependents. In January 1977, the department announced that results showed a "slightly higher than average" lymphocyte count in about one-third of the people tested. In fact, these white blood cell counts were a full forty percent higher than those of other foreign service personnel, as the *Washington Post* revealed. Meanwhile, several children of embassy employees had to fly home for further tests after they were found to have blood disorders. (The State Department denied any connection between these disorders and

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the irradiation.) By this time, aluminum screens had gone up around the embassy to deflect the microwaves. But if the screens—reportedly ordered by Secretary Kissinger himself—were supposed to pacify embassy employees, the plan backfired. Embassy personnel wondered why the screens were needed at all, given official assurances that the irradiation was nothing to worry about. And if there *was* a hazard, why hadn't the screens been installed years earlier, when the government first learned of the "Moscow Signal?" But the most ominous development came to light in a story filed by an Associated Press reporter, who revealed that in 1967 and 1968 the State Department had tested personnel returning from Moscow for genetic damage. The department had lied to its employees about the nature of the examinations, telling them the tests were intended to spot abnormal bacteria. And the AP story quoted a medical professor who said the doctor conducting the tests told him that they showed "funny results—lots of chromosome breaks."

Zaret still seethes when he discusses how doctors tested American personnel under false pretenses. "Now, that's unethical, no two ways about it," he says. "But to get *positive results* from the tests and not to tell them anything about it, I think that's as close to being criminal as you can get." (The State Department's top medical officer declined a request for an interview about the Moscow affair.)

Milton Zaret seems an unlikely sort for the role of medical maverick, locked in verbal combat with the State Department and Pentagon. He appears to be every inch the mainstream M.D., a successful suburban doctor. He wears half-moon spectacles and three-piece gray suits, drives a late-model gray Cadillac, teaches medicine at New York University and practices opthalmology from an office in his big house in Scarsdale. He speaks quietly and is polite to a fault. But when he discusses microwaves and the military, he is angry, and he doesn't waste words on decorum.

Asked about one Navy doctor, for example—a frequent critic of his work over the years—Zaret describes the man as a "whore." ("If you want to quote me," he adds with a shrug, "quote me.") The doctor in question, Capt. Paul E. Tyler, is deputy director of the Armed Forces Radiobiology Research Institute. In 1971, Tyler, who was then with the Naval Medical Research and Development Command, was responsible for cancelling a microwave research project that Zaret had undertaken for the Navy.

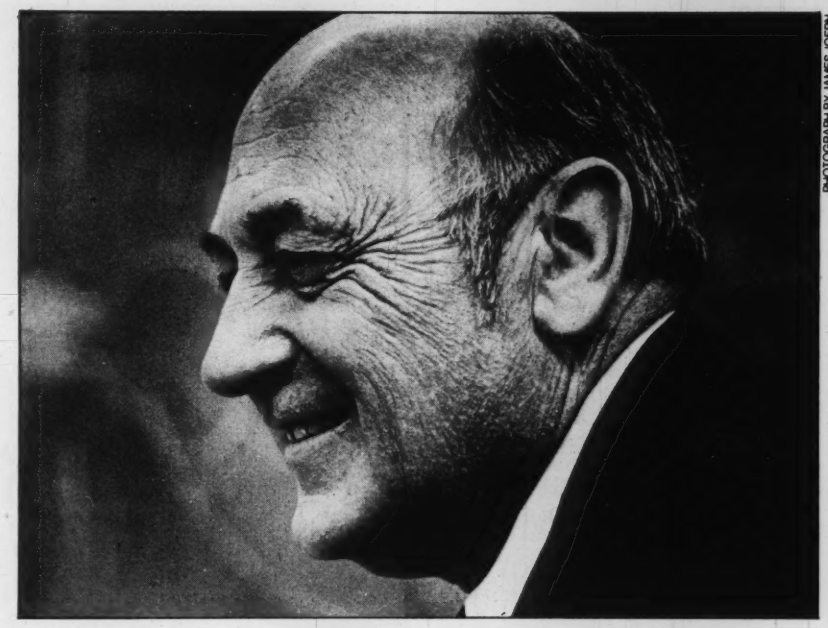
The project involved the irradiation of monkeys to determine what effect prolonged exposure to low-level microwaves would have on them. Zaret had high hopes for the study, which was

scheduled to last five years. A considerable amount of work had gone into developing a primate colony in Hawaii, he says, and the experiments were progressing well, when he received a phone call one day from Tyler, whom he had never met.

What happened next, Zaret says, shows just how eager the military is to suppress studies of low-level microwave hazards. Tyler, calling from Washington, asked Zaret to meet him in Hawaii (Zaret was then in Scarsdale) so that they could tour the research facility together. No big deal, Zaret remembers Tyler saying—just going to be in the area and want to drop in. ("A phony story," Zaret says.) So on a Friday afternoon Zaret flew to Hawaii ("Five thousand miles!"), and the next day he and his colleagues met Tyler and drove him to their primate facility. Zaret remembers that there was no talking in the car, for some reason. "It was like going to a funeral," he says. "And we didn't realize it at the time, but that's what we were doing—going to the funeral of the primate facility."

Zaret says that Tyler looked at only a fraction of the complex and then said he was ready to leave. Zaret had other things to show him, but Tyler said that wouldn't be necessary. Twenty minutes after Tyler arrived, Zaret says, he was gone. And soon after Zaret returned to Scarsdale he received word that there would be no more funds for the project, which still had several years to run.

"They didn't want to know," Zaret says of the Navy. "When you see Capt. Paul Tyler"—he spits out the name—"ask him about it."



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

**Dr. Milton Zaret: "Nobody is doing the right experiments today"**

## The CIA began asking Dr. Zaret some strange questions—for example, whether microwaves beamed at a human brain could affect behavior

Capt. Paul Tyler works in a large office without windows in a squat building on the grounds of the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland. Like all who work in the building, and all who visit it, he carries a dosimeter with him wherever he goes. It resembles a pen light and is used to measure radiation, although not microwaves. When you leave the building, an attendant takes a reading to see if you've been irradiated.

For a man who works in such grim surroundings, Tyler is remarkably cheerful. He even says friendly things about Dr. Zaret. "I think he's a good opthalmologist," Tyler says. "I have no qualms about his opthalmology." But Tyler says that Zaret was running "a lousy study" in Hawaii.

"The records that they were keeping were very inadequate," he says. "The place was very primitive." Tyler also says he didn't approve of Zaret's research procedures. ("Well," Zaret says, "he doesn't know what he's talking about. He never saw any procedures, so he really can't comment.")

"I was there about two or three days, as I recall," Tyler says. Told that Zaret had said he stayed only 20 minutes, Tyler says, "I know I was out there a whole day." In any event, Tyler insists, there was no cover-up going on. "We're interested in research," he says. "I want to know the answers [about low-level microwaves] as a doctor and a scientist."

But Paul Brodeur, in his book, quotes a memo Tyler wrote in 1972 that reveals a curious attitude for a doctor and a scientist. To a national advisory committee that was considering setting guidelines for maximum exposure to low-level microwaves, Tyler wrote: "Recommend that attempts be made to delay setting of standards until more experimental data is available. If standards must be set now, then try for as high a level as possible. If adverse effects are determined in the future, it is far easier to lower the standards than to relax them."

As for the research that Tyler would like to see, he is quoted by Brodeur as urging research projects to *disprove* the biological hazards of low-level microwaves.

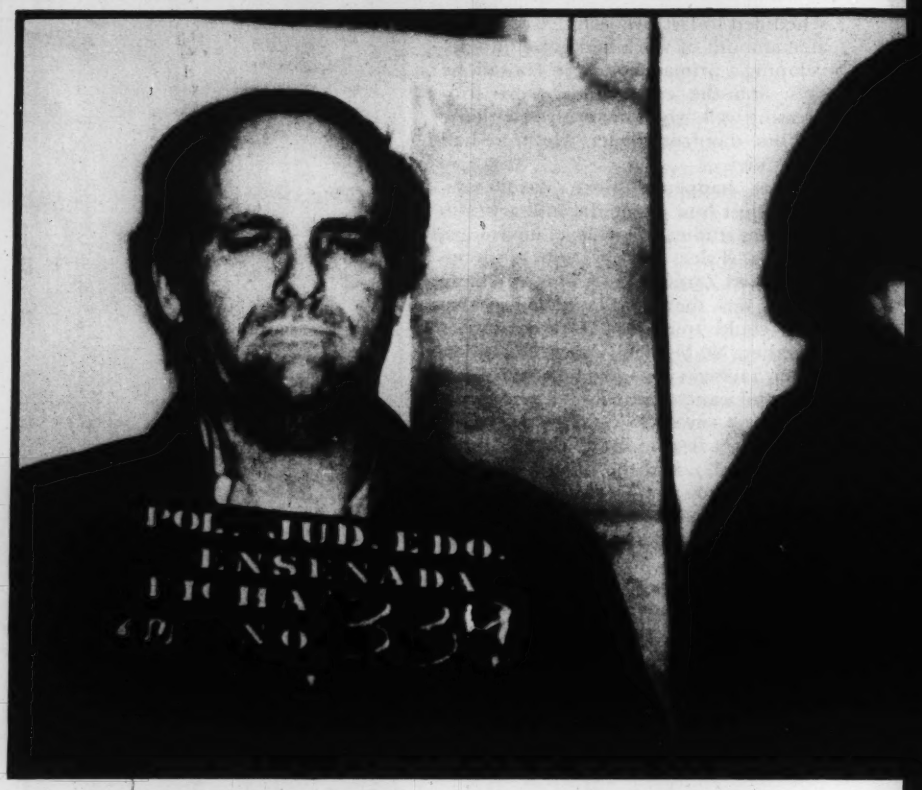
Tyler smiles. You have to understand the politics of getting research funds, he says. "We're always fighting for money. So you kind of make your sales pitch geared to who you're selling." In other words, the military brass that he is "selling" would be more likely to fund a research project if it promised to show that low-level microwave radiation was safe. (That explanation, of course, serves to undermine the credibility of the military's studies of microwave effects.)

Tyler insists that there is no such thing as a microwave cataract. On that point, he cites the work of several researchers, including Russell L. Carpenter, a retired professor of zoology at Tufts University and now a consultant to the Bureau of Radiological Health. But like the Bible and the U.S. Constitution, Carpenter's work can provide ammunition for both sides of the same argument. Tyler might prefer to think Carpenter gave his definitive statement in a 1973 paper when he wrote, "As of now, we do not know of a case in which microwave radiation has been the proven cause of a human cataract." But Tyler's critics have no trouble recalling what Carpenter told the Senate Commerce Committee in 1968. Describing the results of his animal studies, Carpenter wrote, "We have clearly demonstrated a cumulative harmful effect of microwave radiation on the eye, so that single exposures to radiation which are not of themselves harmful may become truly hazardous if they are repeated sufficiently often."

As for being able to *prove* that low-level microwaves are safe—something the

*Continued on page 60*

# The Mormon Manson



Oh, the burdens of being a prophet. Utah police, say Ervil LeBaron has had to eliminate some 20 people who have threatened his God-given right to rule the world. So far, he has only 100 followers—and 13 of them are his wives

by Ben Bradlee Jr.

Late in the afternoon of May 10, 1977, Salt Lake City physician Rulon C. Allred, 71, took a phone call from his right-hand man, Owen Allred. The 64-year-old Owen, part-time farmer and retired oil refiner, was the oldest of Rulon's eight younger brothers. Owen wondered if Rulon could find time to talk to a family friend, a businessman. Rulon said there were patients waiting, but he could probably squeeze the man in for a few moments.

"I love you, dear brother," Owen said, delivering his customary emotional send-off.

"I love you too, Owen," answered Rulon, "and you're going to have to take the responsibility from here on."

Owen Allred would think nothing of that apparent non-sequitur until 20 minutes had passed.

Fifteen minutes later, two young women dressed in T-shirts, jeans and light jackets (one wore a wig and may actually have been a man) strolled into Rulon Allred's office in suburban Murray. One of them, hiding a .38 in her jacket pocket, sat down next to the businessman sent over by Owen. The other calmly walked past the receptionist into a back room and pumped seven shots from a 25 caliber revolver into Allred, killing him instantly.

*Bradlee is a freelance writer living in California. Dodd, Mead will publish his first book,* The Ambush Murders, *in the fall.*

At first, Murray detectives who responded to this crime had no reason to believe they were dealing with anything more than an ordinary milkman murder, perhaps committed by a few strung-out dopers in need of drugs.

But then they discovered that Melba Allred, the eyewitness receptionist and Rulon's wife, was not the slain doctor's only wife. Rulon had at least five other wives, dozens of children, and had been the leader of a religious polygamous sect with 3,000–5,000 followers—the second largest such group in the country. Far from being a milkman murder, the killing of Rulon Allred was a righteous religious "hit"—the latest in a string of as many as 20 murders in the United States and Mexico since 1972 that police say were ordered by 52-year-old Ervil LeBaron, a self-styled polygamous prophet and the man many are now calling "the Mormon Manson."

Most of the estimated 30,000 polygamists in America today consider themselves Mormon fundamentalists, the "truest" disciples of the church's founder and first prophet, Joseph Smith, who introduced the practice in the nineteenth century. But the Mormon church, under intense pressure from Congress to stamp out this "relic of barbarism," was forced to ban polygamy in 1890 in order for Utah to be granted statehood. The church now officially excommunicates polygamists.

Driven underground, polygamy, according to popular myth, soon took on the trappings of a mysterious and taboo-ridden nether world, populated by kooks with bountiful genitalia. Polygamists scattered in an effort to escape government persecution and settled throughout the West and Mexico.

Though no united poiygamous front has ever emerged, several prominent sects have materialized, each with its own leaders who claim to be God's men on earth. Such a man was Rulon Allred. He professed direct spiritual descendancy from John Taylor, who succeeded Joseph Smith and Brigham Young to become the third prophet and leader of Mormondom.

At 71, Allred had multiplied, replenished the earth and then some. Husband to at least six wives and father to a minimum of 40 children (the exact numbers remain a closely guarded family secret), the amiable polygamous doctor presided over his brood with the grace and benevolence of a man loved and respected by many.

Beyond his immediate family, Allred was also admired by the hundreds of patients who came to his office for treatments of naturopathy—a system of therapy that relies exclusively on natural remedies, such as sunlight, supplemented with diet and massage. That Allred wasn't an M.D. hardly mattered, since half of the time he didn't bother to charge for his services.

But if Allred was loved and admired by his family and patients, he was re-

PROVIDED BY DALE VAN ATTA

vered by his polygamous followers, who viewed him as the man who "held the keys" to heavenly bliss. Allred's loyal flock—based primarily in Utah, Montana and Mexico—took comfort in his gentle and serene ministrations. They became alarmed, therefore, last spring, when he began telling them with uncharacteristic foreboding that "something was going to happen" which would thrust their group, and polygamy in general, back into the limelight.

"I plead with you," he urged, "to get your lives in order, because if you don't, your iniquities will be exposed to the world." Allred is on tape making essentially the same statement on three different occasions last spring, each time before 250–500 people. Pressed to be more specific, Allred replied he could not. He was just sure "something" would happen.

Then he was dead. The story of his last phone conversation with Owen, in which he apparently sensed his impending death, spread quickly and only added to Rulon's divine mystique. And as the bizarre circumstances surrounding his murder began to unfold—as police and reporters started probing the world of polygamy—Allred's followers recalled the premonitions of their leader and moved to set their lives in order.

The first concrete lead in the case came two days after the murder, when a suspiciously stuffed paper bag was discovered in a trash bin several miles from the scene of the crime. Inside the bag was a gun box for a .38 revolver with a serial number stamped on it, five .38 shells (three live, two expended), a blue parka which witnesses said matched that worn by one of the killers, and several hand-drawn maps of the Salt Lake County area where Rulon Allred worked and held prayer meetings.

Police traced the serial number of the gun box to a Denver shop, where the proprietor identified one Nancy L. Chynoweth, 28, from a Colorado driver's license photo, as the woman who bought the gun four or five days before the murder. Chynoweth and other members of her family, officials soon learned, were followers of Ervil LeBaron—the self-proclaimed prophet and leader of about 100 polygamists calling themselves the Church of the Lamb of God. (The Chynoweths and another family, the Sullivans, make up the majority of Ervil's-Hock.) Officers also discovered that less than 48 hours after purchasing the gun, Nancy Chynoweth had been seen leaving Denver with her sister-in-law, Rena Lei Chynoweth. Rena, 18, was more than one of LeBaron's followers. She was one of his 13 wives.

Owen Allred confirmed that LeBaron had threatened him, his brother Rulon and other polygamous leaders numerous times over the years. In fact, the Allreds and the LeBarons knew each other well. Rulon and Owen had once spent several months as guests on the LeBaron ranch in Mexico during the forties—fellow polygamists enjoying a haven. Though Owen remembered Ervil as "just a little nobody then," he explained to befuddled detectives that years later, after a power struggle with his brothers, LeBaron claimed the divine right to rule the world and announced that anyone who thwarted him, especially Mormons and rival polygamous leaders, would be executed.

"I know Ervil ordered my brother killed," Owen said. "I have no doubt about that. There were others who might have wished for the same end. But Ervil's the only one who would stoop to such a thing . . . He demanded money of Rulon and me. He threatened us with death. He truly believes he has the inherent right to lead the world, that the world ought to bow to him."

Armed with this information, a team of Murray detectives sought to penetrate the polygamists' underground in an effort to learn more about its practitioners in general, and LeBaron in particular. They launched an investigation which logged more than 100,000 air miles throughout the West, and last fall they secured indictments against LeBaron and nine of his followers for murdering and/or conspiring to murder Allred. Four of the ten were arrested in Denver and Dallas in a coordinated September sweep and were subsequently released on bail. The other six, including LeBaron, are still at large. A trial date has been set for April in Salt Lake City.

For all that officials learned about the mysterious and exotic world of polygamy during the course of the Allred investigation, what they found out about Ervil LeBaron was even more startling. They discovered that the 6'4", 225-lb. LeBaron is wanted in several states as well as by the Secret Service, which would like to question him about threats he has made to Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter. The presidency is a natural target for Ervil, investigators say, since he feels he should rightfully occupy that office. (Carter's Baptist beliefs are particularly grating to LeBaron, and he has condemned the President as a "false prophet.") He has also threatened Billy Graham and Mormon leader Spencer Kimball, among others.

LeBaron's deeds give some credence to his threats. His followers are cold-sober religious fanatics who apparently have absolute faith in Ervil when he tells them God has annointed him to rule the world and that he therefore has a right to execute anyone who stands in his way. Officials say that LeBaron will sometimes order an execution as revelation; to question such an order would be to question the word of God. Indeed, fear keeps many followers in line. Police cite one deserter who was murdered and three others missing and presumed murdered as evidence that LeBaron will not tolerate anyone jumping ship.

It may be technically inaccurate to label LeBaron "the Mormon Manson," since Ervil was excommunicated from the Mormon church and, unlike Manson, does not use drugs to control his followers—40 of whom are deemed "hard core,"or willing to kill at his command. But both Manson and LeBaron "emerged from the desert," as it were, and Ervil has displayed an uncanny ability to elude officialdom by disappearing into the mountains, canyons and deserts of the West and Mexico in ways reminiscent of Jesse James, the Dalton Gang and other legendary outlaws. He is now widely believed to be hiding in Mexico, where, according to columnist Jack Anderson, he is stockpiling weapons and trying to recruit a peasant army. (Anderson, a Mormon himself, first focused national attention on LeBaron with a series of columns last summer.)

Though LeBaron eschews the sexual edge Manson used over his followers, women figure no less prominently in Ervil's scheme of things—they often act as his foot soldiers. And his emotional involvements with them are no less bizarre than Manson's: in addition to being married to Rena Chynoweth, Ervil is also wedded to her sister Lorna, and he may have exchanged vows with Thelma—their mother. And while belief in

revelation is fundamental to both groups, Manson's Helter Skelter philosophy is far less doctrinaire than Ervil's rigid fire-and-brimstone vision of a wrathful God who has tapped him to establish His kingdom on earth.

Ervil was the ninth of 13 children born to Alma Dayer LeBaron and his wife, Maud. The elder LeBaron, who went by his middle name of Dayer, was an excommunicated Mormon polygamist who took refuge in Mexico with other polygamists after the church banned the practice. Ervil was born south of the border in Colonia Juarez.

Ervil initially determined to forsake polygamy and become a law-abiding Mormon. The church even appointed him an elder, and he served as a missionary in the forties. But his father continued to practice polygamy, and Ervil eventually decided he wanted to live "the Principle" as well. When the Mormon establishment learned of this change of heart in 1944, Ervil was promptly excommunicated.

The polygamists' world has no shortage of would-be prophets, and the LeBaron family was no exception. Dayer asserted that Benjamin Johnson, his maternal grandfather and allegedly a "close friend" of Joseph Smith himself, had blessed him, and that the LeBarons therefore bore "the mantle of the prophet."

One day Dayer assembled his seven sons and told them he would pass on the sacred mantle to the worthiest of the lot. Worthy or not, the eldest LeBaron brother, Benjamin, had the inherent edge of seniority, and in 1933 Dayer conferred the mantle on him.

Ben promptly announced to all that he was the "One Mighty and Strong" who would "set the house of God" in order and reunite the Mormon church with the excommunicated polygamists. He made a pilgrimage to Salt Lake City to try and win followers, but his efforts proved fruitless when it became apparent that the new prophet was something of a lunatic. He was given to such exploits as roaring loudly to prove he was the "Lion of Israel," or doing 200 push-ups in the middle of a busy Salt Lake intersection to show that he really was the "One Mighty and Strong." Benjamin was eventually committed to a Utah mental hospital.

Ashamed and embarrassed over what Ben had wrought with his mantle, Dayer LeBaron passed it on to his fourth son, Joel (Ervil was the fifth). Joel sought proof that he was worthy of the mantle, and in 1951 he went to a canyon outside Salt Lake where he allegedly received revelation-style confirmation from an impressive lineup of prophets—Abraham, Moses, Jesus Christ and Joseph Smith, among others.

In 1955, Joel and two of his brothers, Ross and Floren—excommunicated polygamists all—left Mexico for Salt Lake City to start their own church, and they incorporated the Church of the Firstborn of the Fullness of Times. Ervil stayed home at the family ranch.

But Joel too had trouble gathering any followers and eventually returned to Mexico in despair with brother Floren. Ross—who had had a falling-out with Joel over how the new church should be run—stayed in Salt Lake where he remains to this day, his only followers a herd of 60 goats. Ross spends his spare time building flying saucers, which he says Christ will use as transportation for the Second Coming.

**Ervil became the third LeBaron brother to proclaim himself a prophet, but he added a new wrinkle: anyone who did not follow his orders was subject to execution**

When Joel and Floren returned to the 500-acre family spread in Chihauhua, some 200 miles south of El Paso, they renamed it Colonia LeBaron. And in an effort to shake up his fledgling Firstborn church, Joel announced an organizational change: he made himself president and Ervil patriarch.

For Ervil this represented belated recognition of his stature as a leader and intellectual, if not an incipient prophet. At the outset, he and Joel worked closely together and undertook several missionary trips—including a return to Salt Lake and the settlement of a small community on the Baja California peninsula called Los Molinos. There the LeBarons, and Ervil in particular, bought up vast tracts of land, including prime beachfront.

Variously described as brilliant, determined and arrogant, Ervil became the unofficial spokesman for the Firstborn church. He wrote many of the church's treatises and often injected his own views in place of official dogma. In the late sixties—having recruited a few hundred followers consisting primarily of excommunicated Mormon polygamists and Mexican *campasinos*—Ervil began feuding with Joel over religious doctrine and plans for the family land in Los Molinos. Ervil, whose attraction to the divine had not totally displaced a secular bent for capitalism, favored developing the land into a beach resort. But Joel wanted to give the land to the Mexican government, which would lease it to the *campasinos* for farming.

Joel believed in the concept of a kindly, benevolent Christ. Ervil, however, began trying to lure away some of Joel's followers by preaching the old Testament line that God was wrathful and that Joel was therefore a "false prophet." Ervil even threatened Joel's life through friends and in print, belatedly prompting Joel to recognize he had a Judas in his midst. He expelled his brother from the church in 1970.

Finding himself without an organization, Ervil traveled to San Diego and started a new polygamous sect called the Church of the Lamb of God. He then became the third LeBaron brother to proclaim himself a prophet, only he added a new wrinkle: anyone who did not follow his orders was subject to execution.

"To disregard and walk over my authority is an act of treason that carries the penalty of death in this world," Ervil wrote on August 10, 1972, in his "Message to a Covenant People," one of the earliest of a spate of published tracts containing his rambling, wrathful, religious ruminations.

On August 18, the Mexican government announced that Joel LeBaron's plan for a Los Molinos agricultural cooperative would be put into effect, and Ervil thereby lost title to about 1,000 acres of land.

Two days later, two men identified by witnesses as followers of Ervil burst into a house in Ensenada (Baja California). They found Joel LeBaron alone, beat him with a chair, then shot him dead.

Mexican police began searching for Ervil; and in December 1972, flanked by two laywers, he turned himself in to Ensenada authorities. Ervil spent 14 months in jail before he was convicted of being the "intellectual author" of his brother's murder, and he was sentenced to 12 years in prison. Within weeks, however, he was free. Accounts from Mexico differ as to how LeBaron managed this sleight of hand. According to some, his conviction was overturned on appeal, but others say he was sprung after paying a $4,000 bribe.

Ervil wrote prolifically while in prison, but upon his release his writings grew bolder. In October of 1974, he published "Contest at Law," in which he acknowledged responsibility for killing his brother. Ervil said Joel had committed "capital crimes" by refusing to follow his leadership as holder of the Patriarchal Priesthood. He added ominously: "The death of this wicked man was to be the first of the judgments of God that were beginning to be poured out upon his house."

The book closed by challenging Joel's followers in Los Molinos to a contest similar to the one in the Old Testament in which Elijah called fire down from heaven as a sign that he was a true

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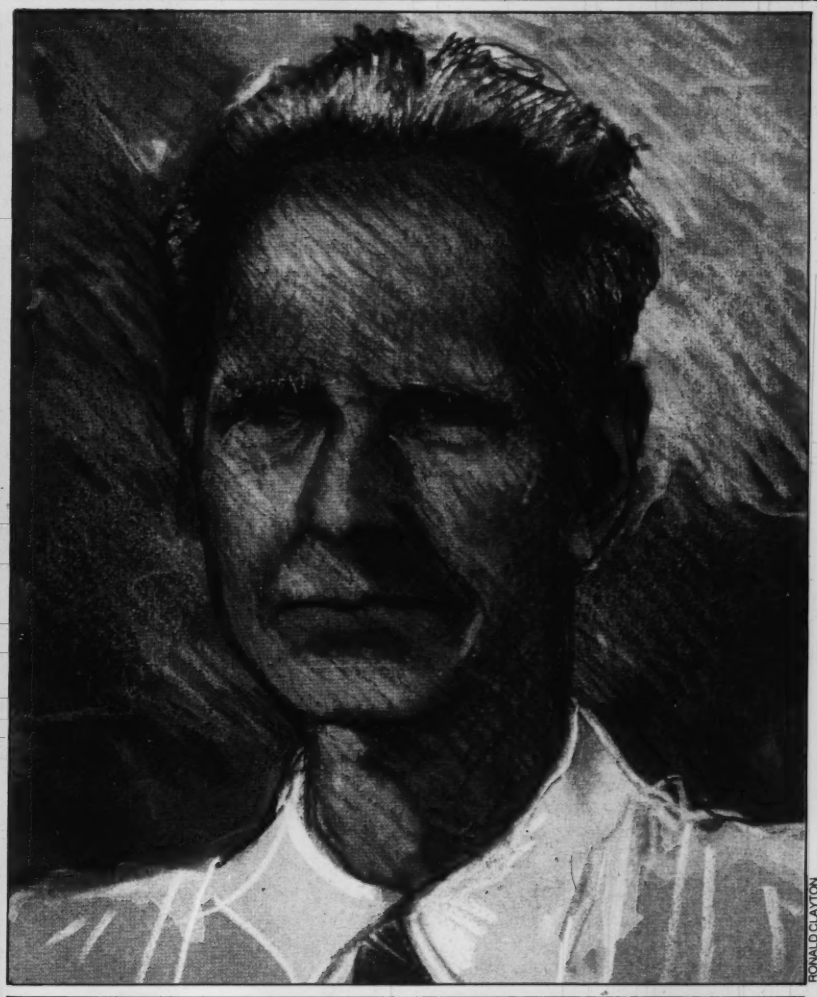
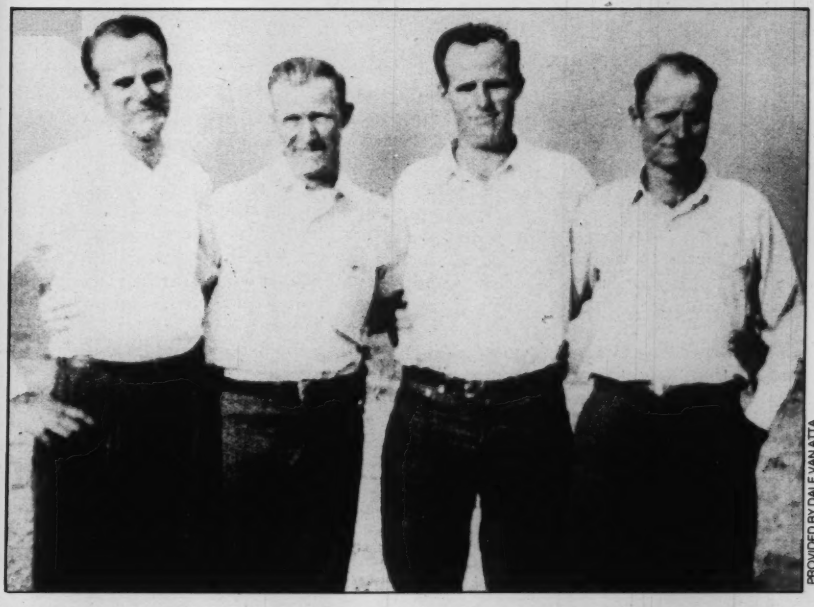


RONALD CLAYTON

KUTV NEWS/SALT LAKE CITY



PROVIDED BY DALE VAN ATTA

**A Family Affair (clockwise from lower left): Rena Lei Chynoweth, one of LeBaron's 13 wives, and her sister-in-law, Nancy Chynoweth, who bought the gun used in the murder of Rulon C. Allred. Lower right, LeBaron brothers Verlan, Floren, Ervil and the late Joel, whose murder Ervil ordered.**

prophet. When the sign materialized, his followers slew the 450 priests of Baal.

The day after Christmas 1974—two months after the book appeared—about 20 followers of Ervil LeBaron staged a commando-style raid on Los Molinos. Shotgun fire was sprayed at random, and Molotov cocktails were hurled into houses from speeding cars. Two were killed, and 19 injured. Ervil—unable to convert many of Joel's followers and bitter over losing his own land—had left his mark.

In February of 1975, a LeBaron bodyguard was arrested in Mexico after firing a shotgun at a group of witnesses to the Los Molinos raid who had gathered in front of the Ensenada police station to tell their story. The shots missed, and the bodyguard pulled five months in jail.

Careful to remove himself from the immediate scene of these actions, Ervil, by November of 1974, had repaired to Utah, where he set up shop as an extortionist. With three murders on the books to prove he meant business, he directed a series of threats at leaders of rival polygamous sects, demanding that they order their followers to honor him as the true prophet and pay him tithing. (According to Mormon doctrine, members pay ten percent of their salaries to the church as tithes.)

These threats, when not personally

# The Straight and Narrow Path of Polygamy

The murder of Rulon Allred and the search for Ervil LeBaron have renewed interest in the underground world of polygamy and, in the process, torn open a wound the Mormon church had hoped was largely healed, if not forgotten.

Though church officials are quick to point out that both Allred and LeBaron were excommunicated years ago, they nevertheless fear that the recent spate of publicity is spawning an anti-Mormon backlash among people who have long thought *all* Mormons polygamists.

The fact is they are not, but plural marriage—illegal in the United States since 1862 and banned by the Mormons in 1890—continues to flourish in the West. Estimates of the number of people still practicing what the government once called "lewd and lascivious cohabitation" vary widely, but 30,000 is a commonly accepted figure.

Joseph Smith made polygamy a sacred commandment of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints back in 1843, citing the Biblical charge to "multiply and replenish the Earth" as well as the fact that previous prophets had several wives.

Despite the word of Joseph, many of his followers, who came from puritanical New England backgrounds, balked at the command to polygamize. In fact, scholars say it is doubtful if more than 20 percent of Mormondom ever practiced polygamy. Even Brigham Young—the Mormon prophet who succeeded Smith and led his people across deserts and mountains to Salt Lake City—commented that he "desired the grave" after learning of Smith's revelation. However, Brigham gamely resolved that "we must gird up our loins and fulfill this, just as we would any other duty." He eventually overcame his reservations and did his duty with 27 wives.

Outside the Utah territory, polygamy was bitterly controversial; and in the latter part of the nineteenth century one of the hottest debates in the nation was whether Salt Lake City was a place of God or a giant whorehouse. In the end, it was the voice from Washington that spoke loudest and strongest, and in 1890 the Mormons outlawed polygamy as part of a deal for Utah statehood.

Today, excommunicated polygamists still accuse the Mormon establishment of selling out a sacred religious principle in favor of an immediate secular expedient. Despite this, most polygamists consider themselves Mormon fundamentalists—the truest of the true. They agree with the church on most matters of doctrine and hope that one day they'll be welcomed back into the fold.

Though many Americans still hold to the myth that polygamists are over-sexed kooks, the reality is that the vast majority are sober, frugal, hard-working and highly moral. Excommunicated by their church, ostracized by society and persecuted by government, polygamists tend to see themselves as modern martyrs. They believe their sexual practice has been sanctioned by God, and they like to point out that the average polygamous family is a bedrock of stability, especially when compared to a monogamous society riddled with divorce, infidelity and single-parent families.

Given all this, the prosecution of anyone for polygamy (it hasn't happened for at least 15 years) probably now has a lower priority than moving against pot smokers. Says one Salt Lake deputy district attorney: "Why tie up the courts to prosecute people who are as moral as hell?" Prosecutors are reluctant to break up families by putting polygamous husbands in jail, their wives on welfare and their children in foster homes. Besides, many lawyers think a modern-day Supreme Court would throw out any polygamy convictions on freedom of religion grounds—the effect of which would be to make plural marriage legal.

Nevertheless, polygamy remains illegal, and the social pressures on the families who practice it are still great. First marriages are duly recorded civilly, but subsequent weddings are staged secretly. And since polygamists' children are conceived extra-legally (and usually delivered by midwives or sympathetic doctors like Rulon Allred), they often have no birth certificates.

A typical polygamous family consists of two or three wives and about ten children. A husband usually takes his first wife when he's 21 and adds others as it becomes economically feasible. Some house all their wives under one roof. Others, if they can afford it, have them live separately. But generally, in the interests of harmony, husbands spread their wealth and sleep with a different wife every night. (Though the strictest fundamentalists believe intercourse is proper for procreation only, most polygamists admit that's unrealistic.)

It is the man who is Lord of the Manor in every respect. Women are conditioned to be sweet and submissive and to bear all the children a man wants—to not submit to a husband's request is to risk damnation in the afterlife.

"I'm the head of the family, and my wives are my counselors," explains Jay Allred (a 27-year-old nephew of Rulon), husband to three wives and father to five children—all of whom live together. Allred, a mechanical engineer in Salt Lake City, says he and his wives accept this power relationship as a natural fact of life. He acknowledges jealousy sometimes crops up in his household, but dismisses it as a banal emotion that can be overcome by spiritual strength.

"Jealousy is a tool of the devil," he says. "People often doubt that it's possible, but I love all my wives equally, and they know it. The more righteous a man becomes, the more his capacity for love grows."

A prospective bride must stand inspection by a man's other wives before he can marry her. This screening process is a careful one because the "sister wives" will spend the rest of their lives together. "My two wives have never had a harsh word and are constant companions," swears one Utah polygamist. Adds Jay Allred: "Each of my wives lets the other be the kind of person she wants to be. They all love each other. In fact, if I tried to separate them, they'd kick me out of the house first."

Not likely, but Allred makes his point. He admits that if polygamy were to be made legal, "it would destroy this nation, because people would use it to satisfy their own lust." But for one raised in a polygamous household, plural marriage and its attendant rewards—an extended family, constant companionship, and far less divorce—are hard to beat. ●

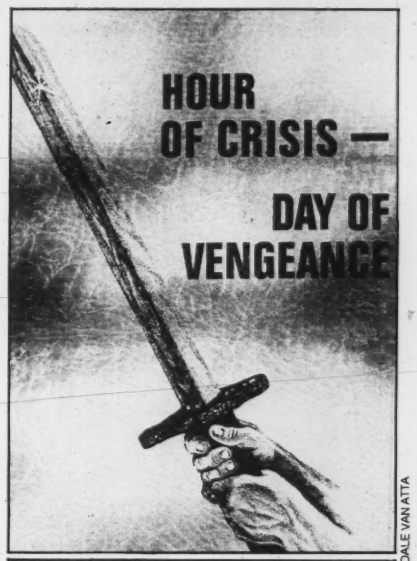
delivered by Ervil, were usually handwritten on the back of Lamb of God literature. One note, received by Rulon Allred in the spring of 1975, warned: "Repent and live the constitution of the political kingdom of God, lest the sword of the Lord fall upon you . . ."

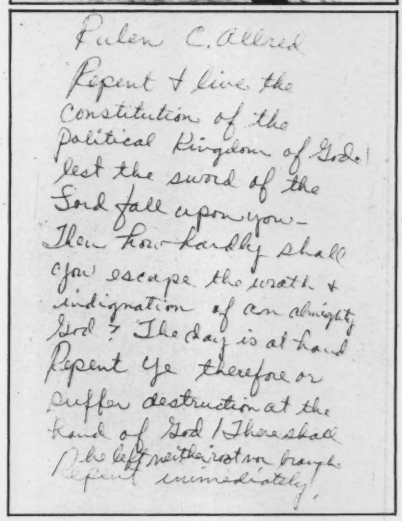
Other targets of LeBaron's threats included two rival leaders: LeRoy Johnson, who heads a group of about 5,000–10,000 polygamists, the country's largest, based in Colorado City, Arizona, and Merlin Kingston, whose group of 1,000 polygamists owns several dozen businesses and considerable land in Utah and Idaho which are reportedly worth more than $20 million. (The Allred group also owns businesses and real estate in Montana and the Salt Lake City area with a similar total worth.) When these cult leaders failed to respond to LeBaron's attempts to muscle in on their followers and riches, authorities say Ervil grew frustrated and once again turned to murder.

On April 23, 1975, Utah polygamist Robert Simons, 48, was officially listed as missing. He was last seen with a LeBaron follower and is presumed dead. Dean Grover Vest, a 36-year-old LeBaron follower who had grown disgruntled with Ervil's leadership, was shot to death near San Diego on June 10, 1975—the day he announced he was leaving the group. (Vest was killed at a home where two of Ervil's wives were then living. Police say one of the wives was discovered at the scene of the murder with blood on her shoes. But since there wasn't enough to be typed, the evidence was deemed circumstantial, and the killing is still unsolved.) Others officially missing and presumed dead are Naomi Zarate Chynoweth—the wife of one of Ervil's followers—and Rebecca Chynoweth, Ervil's daughter. Both women had reportedly grown disenchanted with their leader.

Though authorities will not release any other names, they say that during the course of their nine-month investigation, polygamists have told them of several others in the U.S. and Mexico whom LeBaron has ordered killed. "Some haven't been reported, and others are only legend, but we believe 20 murders attributed to Ervil is a fair estimate," says Sgt. Paul Forbes of the Murray police task force charged with investigative responsibility in the case.

On March 6, 1976, LeBaron was arrested in Mexico and charged again with being an "intellectual author"—this time of the two 1974 Los Molinos murders. He spent eight months in jail before the charges were dismissed for "lack of evidence," according to a Mexican judge. A police official maintains, however, that Ervil gained release by paying another $4,000 "fine." To date, LeBaron's trangressions have cost him 22 months in jail and $8,000.





Rulon C. Allred
Repent & live the
Constitution of the
political Kingdom of God
lest the sword of the
Lord fall upon you—
Then how hardly shall
you escape the wrath &
indignation of an almighty
God? The day is at hand
Repent ye therefore or
suffer destruction at the
hand of God! There shall
be left neither root nor branch
Repent immediately.

PROVIDED BY DALE VAN ATTA

**From the desk of Ervil LeBaron**

Released from prison in November of 1976, police say Ervil began planning to kill Rulon Allred and Merlin Kingston. Officials charge that a conspiratorial meeting involving some 25 persons was held April 20, 1977, in Dallas, and that there was a May 8 session in Evanston, Wyoming, for members of the designated "hit-team."

Two days later, Allred was dead. On May 14, police allege, the LeBaron followers also made an unsuccessful attempt on Kingston's life. Citing a fear of prejudicing their case, neither Kingston nor police will discuss the details of his attempted murder.

Police worry privately that the four persons they arrested last fall may opt to jump the relatively low bail they were allowed to post and not show up for their trial in April. But even assuming they do show, many think the outlook for a successful prosecution is not all that bright. Proving conspiracy is always difficult. So is finding a polygamist willing to risk testifying against Ervil—a step akin to a Mafia soldier taking the stand against a Godfather. The state is missing both the .25 caliber murder weapon and the .38 revolver carried by the second Allred killer. In addition, police admit that both those assailants are in the at-large group of six. And, of course, so is the big fish, Ervil LeBaron.

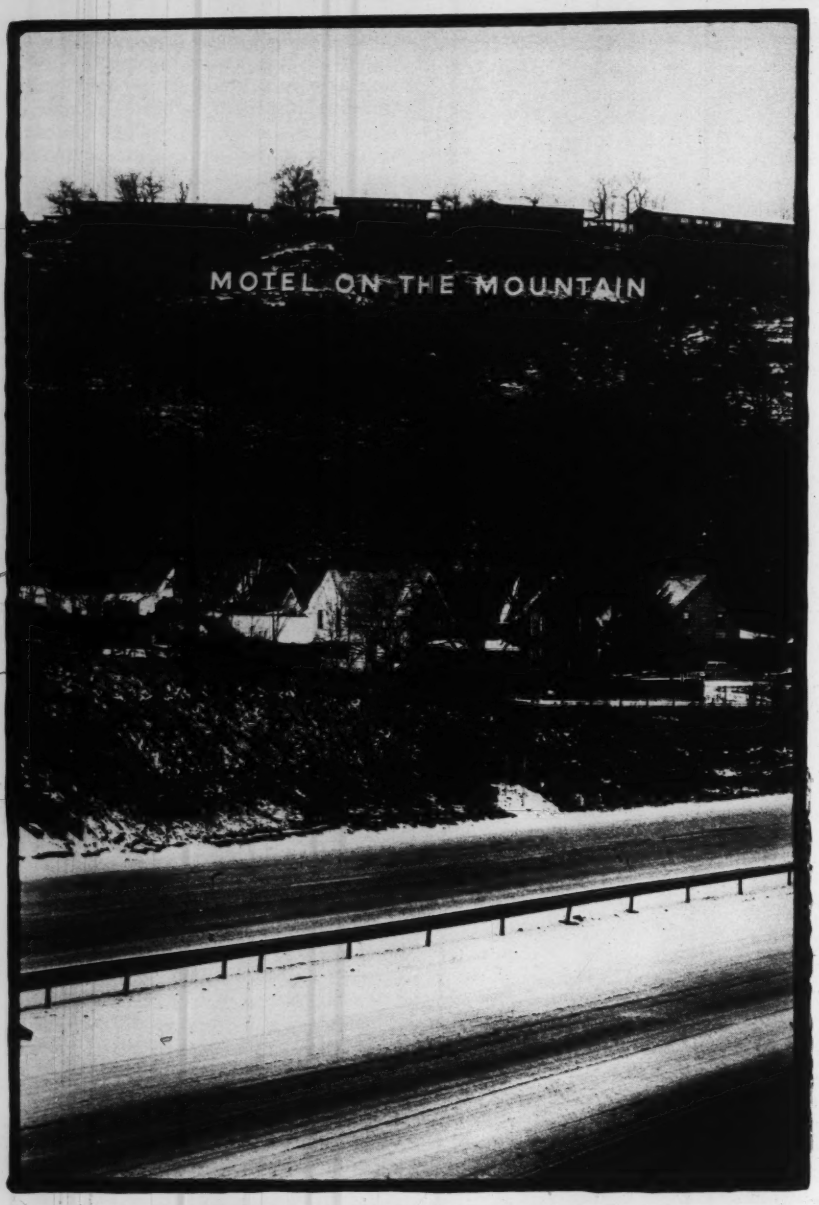
Ironically, the man who has probably come closest to finding the elusive LeBaron is not a cop at all, but a 26-year-old investigative reporter named Dale Van Atta. Van Atta works for the Mormon-owned *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City and has written a series of articles that are responsible for most of the existing public record on the Allred murder and LeBaron's legacy of death and destruction in the West.

Van Atta, who has been nominated by his paper for a Pulitzer Prize, says he has interviewed 250 polygamists and a wide range of sources. One of these sources gave him a gold mine: an old address book of Ervil's that contained a slew of names and phone numbers as well as the addresses of several places in Mexico where, Van Atta's sources told him, LeBaron was hiding out.

Having already invested thousands of dollars in the Allred-LeBaron tale, the *Deseret News* balked at financing its reporter on a trip that could easily turn out to be a wild goose chase. So Van Atta decided to track down Ervil himself using $2,000 of his own money.

Van Atta embarked on this mission last August, and within three days he landed at the village of Atlixco, 13 miles southeast of Mexico City between a snow-capped volcano and an Aztec pyramid. This village and another in the vicinity of Veracruz were Ervil's hideouts. Although the fugitive-prophet was nowhere to be found (a LeBaron follower in Atlixco said that Ervil had "left town" four days earlier), Van Atta learned that LeBaron is chauffered about in a green Ford, and often spurns the local mud huts in favor of air-conditioned motels for "health reasons." Then, one day before Ervil and two armed bodyguards were expected back in Atlixco, Van Atta thought discretion the better part of valor and hopped the next plane back to Salt Lake City.

Thus, journalistic heroics notwithstanding, Ervil remains on the lam. Utah detectives—at the mercy of a cumbersome FBI liaison with often less-than-zealous Mexican police—hope that the law catches up with LeBaron in time for his April trial. In the interim, however, polygamous leaders and others reportedly on a Lamb of God "hit list" are adopting unusual security precautions. For until he's captured, Ervil's story is likely to remain an open-ended Biblical western, written in fear and in blood. ●




# Mirage on The Mountain

by John Eskow

## For a brief, shining moment, gays thought they had found their own Camelot

In 1956 a young entrepreneur named Robert Schwartz had a vision. He saw a mountain in the wilds of the Ramapos, an hour's drive north of New York City, that struck him as "very Japanese." This mountain also happened to overlook one of the busiest interchanges on the New York State Thruway. Schwartz brought in a Tokyo architect, Junzo Yoshimura, who said: "The highway is the great American skill. The country inn is the great Japanese skill. Let us have a marriage of the two." Investors blessed the union, and a year later the Motel on the Mountain was born.

The Motel was a stunning achievement of design—landscaped with rock pools, bonsai trees, rosewood footbridges and swimming pools, surrounded by imported fauna—combining the best features of a Zen garden and a Holiday Inn. The Motel was the subject of a lavish photo spread in *Life*; it became famous as a vacation and honeymoon spot. Robert Schwartz' vision was fully realized.

Meanwhile, blue-collar locals at the foot of the mountain and shack-dwellers a few hundred yards away watched with mixed emotions. People in the villages of Suffern and Hillburn, over which the Motel stands, weren't accustomed to having the rich around. Literally and figuratively, the Motel stood at the summit of their world, and there was the usual nervous truce between tourists and natives that you find in East Hampton, Tangiers or the Yucatan. I spent my high school years in Suffern and, like other kids, regarded the Motel as a fragment of another world, a mysterious shrine on the horizon.

Five years after their vision materialized, Schwartz and his associates sold the place for a handsome profit and moved on to other ventures. In quick succession the Motel was bought and sold four times to owners who saw the profit potential but didn't, Schwartz says, "share the vision. It may simply have grown *too* successful," Schwartz muses. "It sold at ever-higher prices, until it went for a million above what we sold it for. At that price, there was no way it could support itself."

As owners tinkered with the concept in search of bigger payoffs, the Motel became a mirror of sexual trends. When the honeymoon business fell off, one owner specialized in luring conventioneers. A bus driver recalled those days fondly:

"Oh, my yes, that place would shake sometimes. One night they hired out seven of our buses after hours and sent us down to Times Square to pick up hookers. Yes sir, we brought seven busloads of 'em up the Mountain. Now,

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

each of these buses seats 53, and brother, we had *standees*. Oh, yes. That place could shake."

Eventually the conventioneers stopped coming, so another recent owner tried the "Sex Motel" shot. Inspired—naturally—by Southern California, the place became one of the first East Coast motels to feature in-house porno movies and waterbeds. But it seemed nothing could stop the Motel's slow nosedive. The hibiscus went untended. Some of the rooms went to seed.

Early this fall, when I read that the Motel was "turning gay," my first response was to laugh. (How does a motel turn gay? By not having a hotel to look up to as a child?) Then a deluge of publicity began. Tom Esposito, the dapper new owner, became a star on New York TV news, facing down crowds of angry residents. I remembered the people in Suffern, and the high percentage of vigilante-types among them, and I wondered what the future would hold. Would this "Hillside Sodom" be trashed and sacked? Or would it usher in a new era of prosperous tolerance?

Today the Motel stands dark and ghostly in the crosswinds of a bitter winter. On January 25, its power was shut off for non-payment of bills. A taped phone message informed callers that the Motel was closed until further notice. And Tom Esposito was nowhere to be found—although before disappearing from the public eye, he left hints that he might reopen in the spring.

What happened? For a few months, gays seized the heights in rural Rockland County, setting in motion a comedy of manners that often wasn't funny. In late November, in the midst of it all, I drove up to Suffern to speak with locals and to visit the motel—then offering, the ads said, "Gay Life at its Peak."

If you drive north from New York City, directly into Westchester, you pass the bedrooms of its power brokers and trains full of commuters. But if you cross the George Washington Bridge and head for Suffern instead, you enter a world that could be the Midwest. You pass through the worst of New Jersey, past oil refineries, stinking factories—a Disneyland of industry. You pass the Jersey swamps where police often go to fish out the bodies of drowned double-crossers, the huge Ford plant in Mahwah and, just across the New York border, you find Suffern.

At the local diner, mention of the Motel provokes instant reactions from two patrons and a waiter. One man talks out of the side of his mouth, like a racetrack-tipster. "Take my word. One night you'll just see a big orange glow up there on the hillside, and that'll be that." He looks to his friend for confirmation; but to his surprise, his friend jumps all over him.

"Bullshit. BULLSHIT! Let the guy alone! I hope he fuckin' makes it. Look, I been in business. I know what it's like to have your balls in a vise." Quietly furious, he extends his fingers in an unmistakable gesture. "He's got his balls in a vise," he repeats, lost in some disaster memory of his own. "He pays taxes, don't he? He hires people, don't he! What's the matter . . . didn't you ever have your balls in a vise?"

We all sit at the counter, pondering the image, until the waiter finally breaks the silence. "I get 'em in here for breakfast sometimes . . . polite, good tippers. Hell, I'll serve 'em all day; they're like that."

**How does a motel turn gay? By not having a hotel to look up to as a child?**

The first man, the orange-glow-on-the-hillside man, responds with a mutter of disgust, picks up his 35-cent coffee tab and leaves without a word.

When I checked into the Motel, I got my first and only sneer of the weekend. I left my girlfriend in the car in order to duplicate the experience a single man would have at check-in, and damned if the receptionist didn't greet me with the kind of contempt I hadn't seen since '68, when I pointed out Ho Chi Minh's good points to a gang of construction workers. She could barely lift her eyes from the *Edge of Night* to acknowledge my presence at the desk; and she telescoped the phrase, "Can I help you?" into the nasal "'lp you?" that carries an unspoken "turkey" behind it. Smiling and silently cursing her, I took the keys.

We checked into a room I'd describe as "barely adequate"—signs of decline were everywhere. Still, there was a magnificent vista through the full-length window—twilight on the mountaintops and highway. And there was a deep quiet, ideal for making love or poetry, a quiet even better than the *Edge of Night*.

I left a message for Tom Esposito, the Motel's elusive owner, to call when he was free to speak; then we wandered down to the disco-restaurant complex to seek him out.

There are always people waiting to see Tom Esposito. Security guys, reporters, advertising slicks—six or eight men drinking at the disco bar, all with some kind of business to discuss "with Tommy." You get the feeling it's been that way a long time; as a result, he's perfected his entrance technique. He comes into a room with a feline, Pacino quality—a camel's hair coat slung over his shoulders, his suit cut by the angels of tailoring, his pretty features open and relaxed. His standard greeting—"Have a drink?"—is the cue for action. Esposito handles it all with a streetwise cool.

Esposito, 31 and married with two children, is wholeheartedly straight himself. He entered the gay market as part-owner of the Stonewall Inn, a Greenwich Village bar that became famous as the site of a riot in the early days of the gay movement. But he doesn't talk much about the past, or the future; Tommy Esposito is only at home in the present. He makes some calls, he teases a gay waiter, he sees people; the Windsor knot in his Cardin tie stays immaculate all night. When you finally get a chance to sit down with him, he keeps you off guard by alternating candor and distance.

"So far, I'm disappointed," he shrugs. "I've put a lot of money into this place, and I need the support of the gay community to make it work." In late 1973, when he bought out the bankrupt former owner, the property was assessed at $1.4 million; in addition to his down payment, he also had to pay off several years' back taxes.

"We're talking about serious money," he says, smiling. He spent $100,000 to build the disco, and $15,000 in one week just to advertise the opening. Serious money. Enough, he believes, to merit some consideration from the townspeople.

He is, after all, one of the largest taxpayers in a tax-poor area. He pays $10,000 a year to Hillburn alone: that represents 7 percent of the entire tax roll, and it means he's paying for some crucial services. He's also an employer and a bulk customer in a county hurting for both. Esposito's interest perks for the first time when I say I've been interviewing people "down there."

"What did they say about me?" he asks, and, when I tell him about the guy in the diner who hopes he makes it, he's delighted.

"That's all I am, a businessman. Listen—you and I like women; some men like men. So what? You know how honeymoon couples used to come to the Motel? Last week we had two girls, newlyweds, up here. One wore a tuxedo and the other a wedding dress, very formal, the whole number; then they came here for their honeymoon weekend—beautiful! So what's the difference? It's a business . . . I'd like to put a tennis court in here, a health spa, miniature golf . . ."

But with so few rooms being rented, how can he find the capital?

"It's been rough so far, but I'm a diehard. A real diehard." There's a slight pause, then he rises. "Have a drink?"

Now I discover that for Esposito

"Have a drink" functions like "shalom" in Hebrew; here, it clearly means "goodbye." Drink in hand, I follow Tom on a walk to meet his "social director," who's introduced as "Philly—just Philly. Like Liberace."

"What exactly *is* a social director?" I ask Philly. To me, the term conjures up a Borscht Belt M.C. leading old people in "Simon Says"—but one look at Philly's inch-long fingernails, and the array of gold chains around his neck, and I know that's not his style.

"I try to make everyone feel at home, make introductions, that sort of thing. And I try to set the tone for the place. I will *not* allow slutzy behavior!"

That raises a pertinent issue. One of the complaints voiced about the Stonewall, Esposito's old place, was that necking or even hand-holding, could bring instant and forcible ejection by bouncers.

"Well, how slutzy is slutzy?" I ask. "What's gone on that you'd describe as slutzy?"

"Let's try a guy stripped to his jock and a leather cap, dancing wildly in the middle of the floor. *Slutzy*. How about a chain gang of twelve guys in the downstairs men's room?"

"Slutzy," I'm forced to concede. However, as—dare I say it—an outsider, it would seem like an ideal place to cement a friendship.

"Absolutely not. None of that stuff has or will recur. If they want that action, let them go to the Toilet, or the Anvil [pick-up parlors on the Lower West Side]. I envision this place as a Playboy Club for gays . . . with a classy drag show in the cabaret, a hot disco . . . do the whole dining area in silks and mylar . . . God, I could cost Tom *millions*!"

Sometimes, when Philly talks about the Motel, he reaches what seems like a religious transport. "I believe in the Mountain," he frequently says. The Mountain animates him. It wounds him personally when anything goes wrong; the same goes for Dennis, his associate, who warms to the subject as he sits down to join us.

"I would lose faith in my fellow man if the Motel doesn't make it," Dennis says. Dennis is a part-time female impersonator, who does Barbra Streisand and Shirley Bassey ("I'm a belter," he says). He's also official "co-host" of the Motel.

Both Philly and Dennis have exhausting work schedules during the week; but every Friday night they drive up to the Mountain, to greet and hug and laugh, to be the hosts of a dance party.

"You should see us on the thruway in our outrageous outfits—me in a slinky red jumpsuit and earrings, and Dennis in his knickers and ruffled shirt wide open," Philly says.

"We drive right up to the guys in the toll booth, we don't give a damn!" Dennis adds. Pause.

"Actually," Philly confides, "we usually hit the exact change lane."

It's getting close to eleven, and Philly and Dennis are anxious to be mixing. So we head for the disco, carrying our eternally fresh drinks.

As we enter, Andrea True is crooning, "What's your name, what's your num-bahh" through the huge speakers, into the skullbones of the 300 or so celebrants. A ballpark estimate of the crowd: 60 percent gay men, 20 percent gay women, 20 percent straight couples. The bar is three deep with singles, but there's still room on the dance floor. It's like dancing on the deck of a luxury dirigible from the twenties. The disco is thrust over the valley, at the edge of a bluff; far below, headlights drift along the roads. Tracks of tiny light bulbs run the length of the room, stars glitter in the clear sky outside.

**"You know how honeymoon couples used to come to motels?...Last week we had two girls, newlyweds, up here..."**

I lapse into a kind of three-martini idealism that says: Hey, what's all the fuss! Here in this airborne fortress of a disco, straight and gay, queen and redneck, all can feel free to commingle in a vast Humanist Boogie . . .

One a.m.: peak time. Two men who look very similar stand chatting by the dance floor. Each has short black hair, a neat beard and an earnest gaze; they look, oddly enough, like a pair of D.H. Lawrences! Soon they are dancing to the *Star Wars* theme and copping discreet hits of Locker Room (the only drug use I saw all weekend).

At 2:30 the joint's still jumping; we take a breather in the lobby. A woman sells cashews, underpants and penis-shaped cigarette lighters from a concession booth; Philly winces each time he passes it. For the first time I notice an Italian couple in their sixties sitting at the cash register taking a $5 cover from everyone. Both have kindly smiles and voices, and a gentility you'd expect to find in a Florentine *trattoria*. To my surprise, they turn out to be Tommy Esposito's parents.

It's a bit chilly in the lobby, and Mrs. Esposito, a woman that Central Casting would send to play The Ideal Grandmother, sits in her fur coat. I ask her how she views the scene.

"They're such nice fellows. I've been reading about it lately—I'm trying to understand what makes them that way. You know—is it *medical* or *environmental*?" She pauses, considering the question, then nods slightly. "It's environmental. Don't you think? It's not medical."

Both senior Espositos are completely unfazed by even the most campy behavior. At four in the morning, an employee sits down by Mrs. Esposito and recites a list of his lover's cruelties. She shakes her head in commiseration.

". . . that's how I found out!" he splutters. "I walked in and he was tricking with a guy right there!"

Mrs. Esposito pats his shoulder. "How awful for you."

"I just don't know how much more I can *take* from him." The man is near tears, and Mrs. Esposito repeats her syllables of comfort.

In the disco, maybe a hundred stalwarts are still at it. I say goodnight and stagger back to the room; going to sleep, I can still hear, coming faintly from the huge speakers, the insistent disco hi-hat, the maternal heartbeat of the bass.

The next morning we make our way down to the restaurant, hoping breakfast will dull our headaches. In the hard clarity of November sunlight, the Ramapos are lightly wooded and studded with boulders. It's the early winter monochrome I remember well, when the earth, trees, footballs and rusty cans seem to blend into one sepia. I find it beautiful in a melancholy way—in Robert Schwartz' phrase, "very Japanese." I drop off the key with Miss Congeniality, and head down the long, winding driveway into Hillburn.

Ronald deGroat was hosing down the Nativity he keeps on his front lawn, along with other Christmas icons. He sighed heavily when I asked him about the Motel. Then he turned off the hose and pointed to a house 200 feet away.

"See that house? That's where I was born. That's as far as I've gone, from that house to this one. Hillburn is all I know. My whole family is here.

"Three years ago, this house burnt clean to the ground. I had to rebuild from scratch. My spirit's in this house. I'll sell it in a minute if I have to, rather than raise my children around . . . them."

Mrs. deGroat stands on the porch, nodding. We stare up at the Motel looming overhead, like the baron's castle above the serfs.

"When they first built that place," she says, "and I saw how beautiful it was, I had a vision: that one day it would be a Christian retreat, where people could meditate on the Lord's commands. Wouldn't it be perfect for that? One day, maybe it will be. The Lord works in mysterious ways." ●

# Health Food, Hollywood Style

## Aunt Tilly's, where the stars buy their wheat germ, looks more like Disneyland than a grocery store

by Bruce Henstell

Somewhere in Queens, New York, they should erect a monument to one Michael Cullen. It was there in 1930 that Cullen forever changed the face of American society by creating the first supermarket. He called it King Kullen, and it was the daddy of all the chains. There are those who dote on the telephone, are impressed by the assembly line; but for genius, and impact, it's the supermarket hands down. The produce, deli, housewares, free parking, stamps and gifts, cash-and-carry, open-all-night supermarket that's American as apple pie (aisle six, frozen foods).

Someday they'll erect a similar monument in Los Angeles, corner of Melrose and San Vicente. "On this spot," the marker will read, "stood the original Aunt Tilly's . . ." By then Aunt Tilly's will be a household name, the greatest advance in supermarketing since the days of King Cullen himself.

Aunt Tilly's sells natural/organic/health food—call it what you will—and does it in style. Here there are no straight, fluorescent-drenched aisles. Inside Aunt Tilly's you're in Tillyville: a fully realized, completely detailed "village," a *doppelganger* of some nineteenth century American main street. Food—thousands of items—is displayed in nooks and alcoves, each designed as a separate shop. The main boulevard, if stretched out, would have the dimensions of a football field. It is one of the largest food stores in the world.

You stroll past "M. Webster & Sons—Booksellers" and "Carlotta Monti—Herbs, Teas and Spices" and the cart of "Herman T. Prudhomme—the Granola Lady." There's "Bacchus and Son—Wines and Snorts" and "De Lur and Abblett—Apothecary—Pure and Undiluted Vitamins as Nature Intended." The check-out stands are gates of the Tillyville Railroad—as if, purchases in hand, you were now leaving town. If the store resembles Disneyland's Main Street U.S.A. it is only natural: Aunt Tilly's is also a child of Hollywood, crafted by some of the masters of set design.

Aunt Tilly's world is not just a pre-FDA America; it is one in which there never was need of an FDA, a place where the milk is "as sweet as mother," the produce grown without chemicals, the grain everywhere golden. Aunt Tilly knows what's best. (As a sign out front says, "You are beautiful and Aunt Tilly loves you.")

The store is open until 1:00 a.m. (and soon will stay open around the clock) so it gets its share of California supermarket night-walkers. These are the people who come not to shop but to walk and look—at the food, at each other. And occasionally a limousine pulls up to the front, and one of the Great Known hustles in for a snack. Greg Wilson, one of Tilly's owners, guards the food preferences of the stars with the delicacy of an undertaker who knows of their plans for entering the beyond. But he does let it slip that Barbra Streisand adores the potato salad with the skins left on.

Aunt Tilly's is the brain child of two ex-New Yorkers: Wilson, a former actor and publicist, and his partner, Ed Hummel, a former publisher. Wilson and Hummel are men with their fingers firmly on the cultural pulse; it is to them we owe *Dig* and *Modern Teen* magazines. A few years ago, Wilson says, "the magazine business turned smutty. It became less respectable to be in the business. The younger stars liked to say a lot of cuss words in front of their girl friends. So we got out."

Wilson took off for California and soon opened a health food store near a Hollywood strip joint, the Pink Pussycat. "My biggest customers," Wilson recalls, "were hookers." Hummel rejoined his old partner a year later. "Ed didn't know from health foods," Wilson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT

says. "We made seventy-four dollars one week. If we sold four vitamins we were ecstatic." Wilson borrowed $3,000 from his mother and rented a second location for the store, near the present Aunt Tilly's, in an area just becoming popular among the young and those in search of youth. "We started to merchandise, to get educated in what was, up to then, a mom-and-pop business," Wilson says. Their approach was splashy: "We plastered the building with crazy signs. Had an Expectant Mother's Day sale, a Christmas sale in August. We sold vitamins below cost and organic shampoo for one dollar. We were the men who came to dinner and we stayed." Before long, Wilson says with a smile, "the celebrities came."

In Los Angeles, you need the celebrities—the endorsement of the Known counts for much among the unknown. Wilson takes out a stack of autographed 8x10 glossies, the obligatory calling card in this being-seen-conscious city. At Dyan Cannon's face he stops. "I sell vitamins, but I tell you: don't overdo the vitamins! Dyan was eating chewable vitamins like they were candy. I had to tell her to stop." He slides the photograph back. "We try to tell people not to overdo."

As business grew, Wilson and Hummel decided to move the store across the street, into the new Pacific Design Center. The cavernous building is completely faced in blue glass; its nickname, not affectionately given, is the "blue whale." But the whale, odd as it looks, is no interloper. It represents one of Los Angeles' home-grown architectural styles: bizarre functionalism. The whale's ancestors were built in the twenties and thirties: coffee pots where you drank coffee and hot dogs where you ate hot dogs. Whizzing by in a car, you could easily spot these buildings against the sun-drenched background. The whale too is unmissable; it is so designed that it could hardly be anything but a design center. It was within these unlikely, severe precincts that Wilson and Hummel decided to realize their dream of antique America, their Aunt Tilly's.

It took them two and a half years to build it. Wilson won't say what it cost, but some of his competitors place the tag at between $500,000 and $1 million. "We wanted to do something terribly creative and leave our mark," Wilson says. "Everybody said we couldn't do it, the building codes and all. It sent me to a shrink." And the store's name? As children, both Wilson and Hummel had maiden aunts they loved to visit. Aunt Tilly is mythical, but, as Wilson says, "Everybody had an Aunt Tilly. It was the time when things were innocent."

Now, in these less innocent times,

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**Inside Aunt Tilly's you're in Tillyville, a completely detailed "village," a *doppelganger* for some 19th century American Main Street**

Aunt Tilly's is big business. On opening day last June 15, 1,200 people showed up. On an average day, Wilson says, about 2,700 people shop there. He won't reveal this year's net profit, or much about the store's finances, except that the daily gross is around $10,000. (Some of Wilson's competitors say his business can't possibly be that brisk; and they estimate Aunt Tilly's 1977 net to be about $125,000.)

A decade ago, Aunt Tilly's success would have seemed unattainable to anyone familiar with the health food business. Until 1968, health food stores were, in the words of the Bank of America's *Small Business Reporter*, "patronized by aging arthritics, would-be Tarzans, and all manner of food faddists." Despite industry efforts, business hardly

**The check-out stands are gates of the Tillyville R&R. Purchases in hand, you pass out... back to reality**

surpassed levels set in the 1930s, when health foods were introduced to the public via the well-publicized lifestyles of the Hollywood stars. In 1968 that all began to change. The counterculture suddenly discovered health foods, and the boom was on. Between 1968 and 1973 sales increased tenfold, from $60 million a year to $600 million.

But with the 1973 recession, many felt the bottom would drop out of the market. Health foods were generally considered a luxury item that would be sacrificed on the altar of inflation. Surprisingly, the industry survived, although the spectacular rate of growth was gone and many marginal operations went under.

The lesson was that health foods were anything but a luxury. They were, to increasing numbers of people, a necessity. The boom has been so great that at any one time a store will be 25 percent out of stock because manufacturers can't keep up with demand. In 1975 the industry passed the magic billion-dollar mark in sales, and now projections are for a steady 8–15 percent annual growth rate. By 1980 gross sales should top $1.5 billion. Most encouraging to retailers is that the target market for these foods, the 20–40 age group, will grow faster than other segments of the population.

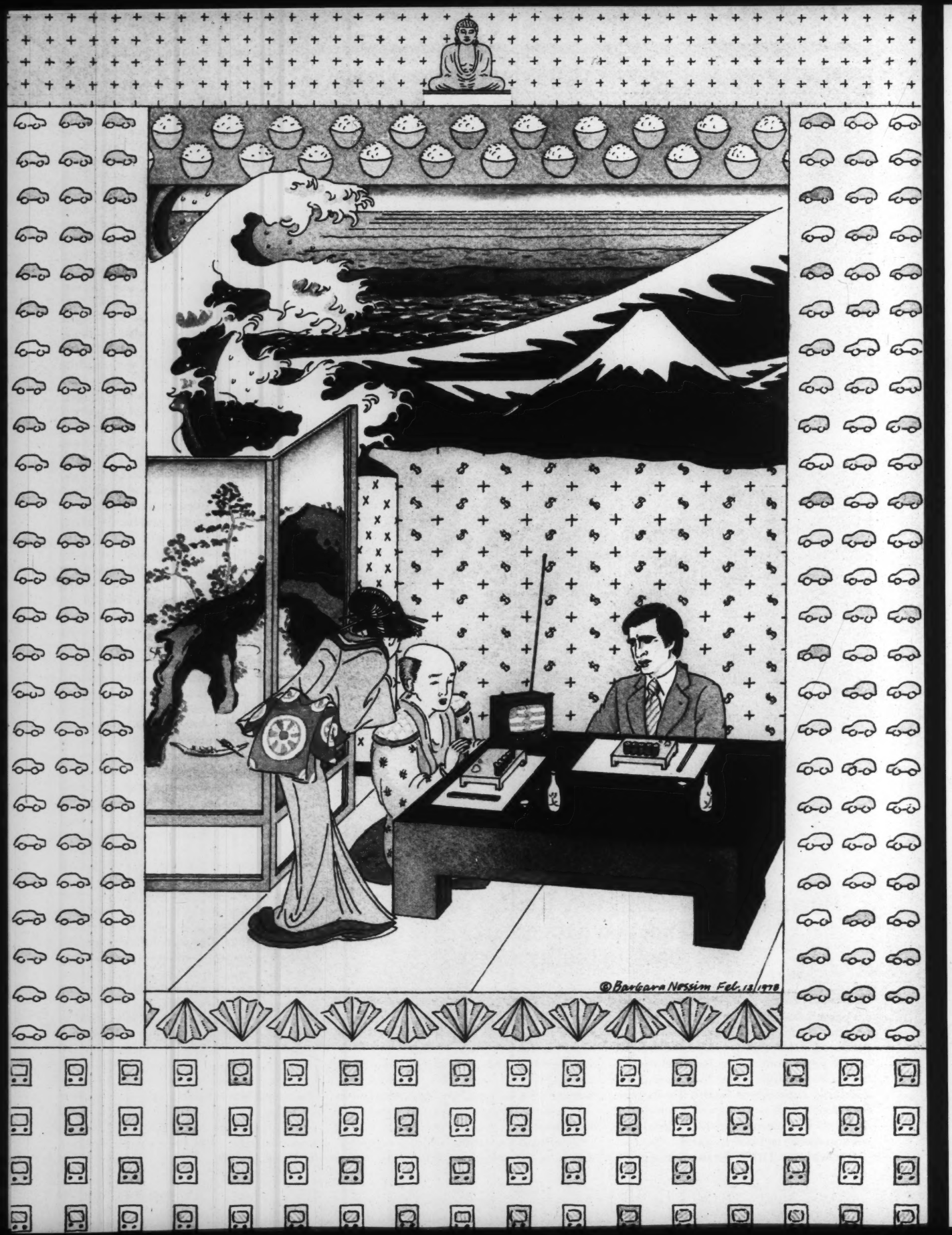
Customers are drawn to health food stores, in part, because they can ask questions and get answers, and be serviced in a way no chain can hope to match. Aunt Tilly's employs 70 people. Mrs. Gooch's, another health food supermarket across town, has a full-time nutritionist on its staff. "You should be able to feel the energy level as you walk into the store," says owner Sandy Gooch. "We're not only a store; we're a way of life." Greg Wilson expresses it this way: "The customer today wants to be catered to. . . it's expensive to be healthy and they're entitled."

It has always been expensive to shop at health food stores; there is almost no competitive pressure to hold prices down. The question is whether the customer—particularly at a glittering emporium like Aunt Tilly's—is paying for health, or for something else. When Wilson and Hummel sell tamari almonds for $3.21 a pound ($2.90 elsewhere) and Nature's Gate herbal roll-on deodorant for $1.50 ($1.32 at a corner store) the customer might be paying extra simply for Tilly's Disneyland decor.

Aunt Tilly's has its share of bargains, though. There are plenty of "loss leaders," items priced at little or no markup to attract customers. The store makes most of its money on natural vitamins, which account for about 65 percent of sales. There is a seemingly limitless public fascination with vitamins—and they can have a hefty markup.

Taking a cue from the chains, stores like Aunt Tilly's are now marketing their own house brands, especially vitamins. The trend will be toward more house packaging in the future, and more demand for health food items that are not yet especially popular. (One retailer predicts that within five years the demand for herbs will be as great as that for vitamins.)

So Wilson and Hummel are on to something big. Wilson says they have been offered as much as $7.5 million to sell Aunt Tilly's; that they've been regaled by proposals, for example, to open health food boutiques in branches of a major department store (he won't say which one). But the two partners are refusing all offers these days. "I don't want a world of Aunt Tilly'ses," Wilson says wistfully. "I'm happy with my one little village." ●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# Eastward Ho!

## "Why are we doing this?" asks Jerry Brown as he rides off into the sunrise

by Orville Schell

"I don't know," Jerry Brown is saying with characteristic nonchalance. "It's a holiday, so I thought I'd take a trip." He gives a cryptic smile. "It's also my birthday."

"I'm going to pay for myself," he adds hastily. "But we'll do a little business. See some Japanese auto manufacturers." He is standing in his shirt-sleeves in the hallway just outside his secretaries' office. He drinks a cup of black coffee with indifference.

"Why don't you come along?" he says to me with a sweep of his arm, as if he were ordering some kind of cavalry charge.

Elizabeth Coleman, his press secretary, stands behind him shaking her head.

"He'll invite anyone along," she groans after he has disappeared back into his office. Elizabeth is often the one to work out the practical details of these magnanimous gubernatorial invitations extended on the spur of the moment.

Brown has decided to go to Japan over Easter weekend on a day and a half notice. As usual, those who are doing his scheduling are tearing their hair out by the roots.

"Why are you going to Japan?" a reporter with a basso profundo voice asks Brown, who has just arrived at San Francisco Airport with his traveling companion Richard Silberman, his future secretary of business and trade.

"I think that the people of California should be able to share in that very fast growing market for Japanese cars here in America. I hope we can get a Japanese car plant to set up in California. It will create jobs and might provide some competition for Detroit, and help force them to meet the clean air standards that they are now stalking the halls of Congress to weaken."

And then, almost as an afterthought, he adds, "Besides, I may schedule a few other visits while I'm there."

"Like what kind of touristy things?" a woman reporter asks.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe a Jesuit seminary," leaving his questioner unsure whether or not she has been the butt of a sarcastic joke.

"Why are you paying for your own trip if you're going on business?" asks another reporter.

"Because I feel like it," he replies.

Brown is looking quite natty today in his double-breasted blue blazer, gray flannel trousers, a blue oxford cloth shirt, and polka dot tie which he will wear every day for five days. Brown can at once look quite sharp and well turned out, and at the same time exhibit signs of haberdasheral erosion.

Once on the plane bound for Tokyo, Brown becomes lost to the world in a pile of newspapers from San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and Washington, D.C. He rifles through them wantonly like a bookie checking race track results.

Suddenly he's up and roaming around the aisles. He shakes a few hands, checks the magazine rack, poses for a Pakistani who wants to take his photo, and then moves toward the lavatories.

A young girl approaches him.

"Do you give autographs?" she asks cautiously, apparently unclear as to whether or not his one-time policy of refusing to sign things is still operational.

"No," he says. "But for you I will. What do you do?" he asks, taking her ticket envelope and reaching into his pocket for a pen.

"I'm on vacation."

"From what?"

"From school."

"School? School is a vacation from life."

The little girl, nonplussed, stands silently as Brown scrawls his name.

He returns to his seat. Restless. Trying to stir up a conversation. Rummaging through the stack of newspapers for an overlooked article of interest.

Finally he alights on a *New Yorker* article which I have written on China. For 45 minutes he is silent.

Somewhere high above Alaska he casts the magazines aside.

"Hey, Schell," he says across the aisle as if he were hailing me on a street corner, "what about this place, China? Why don't we go to China?" he asks with the devilish look of one who enjoys provoking seemingly impossible challenges. "Who would we contact? Just call them up? Would we have to tell our State Department we were going?"

He is a fountainhead of questions, suddenly preoccupied with the idea of going to China. Our immediate destination, Japan, seems to have momentarily slipped from his mind.

"Hey, Dick," he says, turning to Richard Silberman. "Do you think we'd have time?"

Dick is sitting bolt upright in his seat with his stereo headset in one ear, as if someone had suddenly turned the volume up a few hundred decibels. He is electrified by the idea. A long slow smile starts to creep across his face. He grabs a fat International Air Transport Association book of air schedules and turns to the Tokyo-Peking route.

A lone middle-aged man who is sitting in a seat directly behind us, and who has been listening incredulously to our conversation, has a look of "Oh, my God! Is-this-the-way-the-government-is-really-run" on his face.

"What do the Chinese think about human rights?" Brown is asking. "I wonder if we could just go and live in a village awhile without all the banquets?"

The spontaneity of the idea, and the sheer brazen unpredictability of just deciding to up and go to China on the spur of the moment, excites Brown.

"Where's the U.S. government on this one?" he asks. "Well, why not go?" he continues without pausing for an answer to the first question. "We want to do business with the Japanese; why not the Chinese?"

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*Orville Schell is the author of* Brown *(Random House), from which this article is excerpted.*

ILLUSTRATION BY BARBARA NESSIM

There is a moment of silence, as if he were mentally digesting some new aspect of this idea.

"I met the Chinese Ping-Pong team when they were in California," he says, as if the governor of California needed to establish some connection, however tenuous, with his potential hosts before offering himself up as a guest.

"What about the press," he half asks and half ruminates. "Do you think they'd let them in, too?" He pauses. "Oh, it doesn't matter. They'll just think we schemed this thing up a long time ago like Kissinger and never told them," he says, dismissing the idea.

The notion that the Chinese, not unlike the Japanese, are rather formal proper people when it comes to visiting dignitaries is not one that would seem easy to raise at this moment of spontaneous enthusiasm. And besides, I find myself curious to see what kind of fate this idea will endure, almost looking forward with relish to see how Brown, the scheduler's anathema and organizer's nemesis, might make out with the good comrades from China, who have taken the world's most chaotic country and made it the most ordered.

"Let's just call up . . . What's his name on the phone. You know . . . Yes. Hua Kuo-feng, the Chairman, and ask if we can come," says Brown audaciously.

Just then, four Pan Am airline hostesses appear beside Brown's seat bearing a small chocolate cake with one large white candle on the top. They are singing "Happy Birthday," with broad foolish smiles on their faces.

People in the surrounding seats crane around to see what is happening. Brown appears both embarrassed and touched by the scene.

"Thank you. Thank you very much," he says sincerely, and takes a piece of cake on a paper plate. Then, having dispatched the cake, he pulls the arms out of the vacant seats around him.

"Let's see," he says. "I got two hours of sleep last night. So I better sleep three hours tonight."

That said, he lays down, takes a red blanket down from the overhead racks, and pulls it over his head like a hood. He sleeps for several hours.

"Why did you want to come on this trip anyway?" he asks, as we sit and eat lunch from our trays six hours out over the Pacific Ocean.

"I don't know," I reply. "It seemed like it might be an interesting trip since I'm writing a book about you and your office."

"Why would you want to write a book about all this . . . about this funny farm?" he asks, smirking.

Brown has asked me questions like this several times over the months, apparently both curious about my motives and interested in the prospect of hearing in detail how he might appear to someone from the outside. He has the capacity to be at once vain and concerned with the kind of image that he is projecting, at the same time that he is able to dismiss and forget that he *is* in fact governor. Indeed, when I have been around him for periods of time in a personal rather than public context, it is often difficult to maintain full consciousness of his position; to remember that the man beside you asking these unusual questions is both the governor of California and a major contender for the presidency of the United States. He seems to derive such fulfillment from defrocking potentially ponderous and important situations of their superficial seriousness with his facile banter. This insistence on being unconventional can be a great relief in a high ranking figure such as Brown. It is also a quality which can prove disconcerting to someone who views a particular issue or problem with a sense of gravity and concern. There is something about his attempts to keep the heart of the matter at a distance, to keep talking lest a certain problem evoke strong feelings, that can be unsettling.

We arrive in Tokyo in the evening. Brown wants to get in touch with the Chinese immediately about a possible visit. Our waiting Japanese hosts from the Bank of Tokyo have lined up last minute meetings with the presidents of Datsun, Toyota and Honda, a feat which they freely admit is almost unheard of in Japan. One of our hosts, in spit-polished black shoes and dark suit, stands ready to present Brown with several mimeographed copies of his meeting schedule. No sooner does he hand it over than he is asked if he might check the airline schedule to Peking. And although I fully believe that Brown takes his mission here to Japan with some seriousness, right now it seems rendered obsolete by this new rush of enthusiasm.

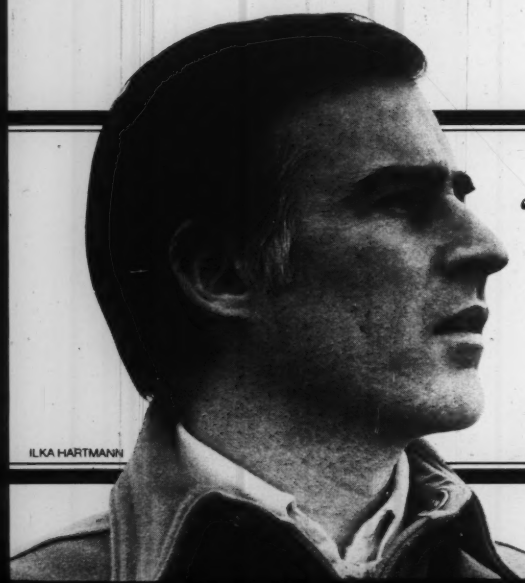
We head to our rooms in the luxurious Okura Hotel, beginning to feel the letdown from ten hours of jet lag. Dick and I take baths before our approaching banquet with the Japanese minister of trade. Brown is sprawled out on his bed without his shirt talking to his chief of staff, Gray Davis, in Sacramento. We are 15 minutes late for the banquet already when two Japanese aides enter the sitting room of Brown's suite, repeatedly inspecting their watches, as if this might hurry things along. They bring the air schedules between Tokyo and Peking. The flights leave and return at such inopportune times, and so infrequently, that even requesting a visa of the Chinese looks unworkable. But Brown remains undeterred.

We arrive at a small banquet hall upstairs in the hotel which is incongruously filled with Impressionist painting and Chippendale furniture. As we enter, the minister and his aides begin the bowing-and-presenting-name-cards ritual, a quadrille that older Japanese still indulge in.

Not having any name cards of his own, Brown stands off to the side while our Bank of Tokyo hosts become acquainted with the Japanese from the Ministry of Trade. He seems utterly unphased, perhaps a trifle bemused, by this display of Japanese politeness.

We are seated, and served cocktails by a ramrod straight butler in a white jacket. I am tired. It is all I can do to keep from falling out of my chair onto the expensive carpet. But Brown is wide awake and going full throttle.

"OK. You say that the Japanese car manufacturers may want to consider building plants in the U.S. because they fear being cut off from U.S. markets by increasingly high protective tariffs?" he



ILKA HARTMANN

**"All this Zen stuff, and then flying to China for the day. It's muddy. It would seem too flaky, and I've got to watch that"**

asks, as we move to the table for a six-course French dinner.

"I think that they will find California the perfect place," he continues, "because our state is a pacesetter. I think it is important to realize this." He is staring right at the minister of trade, who is eating a piece of filet mignon. He is a short man, in the usual dark business suit, who chain smokes. He looks up from his plate, squints his eyes in preparation for the exhale, and says to Brown, "I like your aggressive dynamic approach." He lets out a startling and abrupt laugh. "The foreign minister was surprised by your direct approach, too; of deciding to come here the day before your departure. Most people plan weeks in advance, and go through the American Embassy." He laughs loudly again. "Nobody just comes over this way and gets some contacts at a bank to call up the prime minister."

Brown listens and looks both amused and pleased. I am wondering what the Chinese reaction will be to this approach.

After the banquet ends, we walk alone back to our rooms at the other end of the hotel.

"Why are we doing this?" Brown suddenly asks, as we stop to wait for the elevator.

It is eight a.m. Brown is out of bed, but still tousled and unshaven. He has slept in his jockey shorts and blue dress shirt. He is sort of hanging out in his room, wandering around his suite discussing taxes with Dick Silberman.

He walks into the sitting room and takes a banana from a basket of fruit which has been left as a gesture of hospitality by the hotel management. He returns to Dick's room, leans in the doorway munching his banana. "Alright," he asks. "So, who are we going to see today?"

A Datsun "President" model limousine arrives at the front door of the hotel to take us to our meeting with the actual Datsun president, Tadahiro Iwakoshi.

Once at the Datsun world headquarters, we take an elevator up to the top of the building, where we are ushered into a plush carpeted meeting room by three uniformed women, all wearing plastic name tags. Their demeanor is obsequious, suggesting the near presence of high ranking and respected personages. There is a hush about this sequestered complex of rooms. The three of us sit alone waiting on couches which are arranged around a tea table decorated with a delicate and tasteful flower arrangement. One American flag and one Japanese flag have been stuck side by side into this arrangement, which otherwise suggests traditional Japan.

Brown inspects his tie, and, finding a small spot on it, he commences to scratch it off. Then he looks around the room to size up the scene, his eyes finally fixing on the flower arrangement.

RICHARD SILBERMAN

**Ko-un-ji Temple: At home in many worlds, Brown appears at rest in none**

"How does that relate to Zen?" he asks. "I think we ought to make small cars that we can fix ourselves," he continues, sliding one thought into another. "Well, it's just a thought."

The door opens, and President Iwakoshi, surrounded by a coterie of assistants and aides, enters the room. As introductions are made, a house photographer scurries around the room, flash bulbs popping, recording our encounter on film. All of the men entering with the president wear dark suits and Nissan Motors corporate lapel pins. The oriental-mafia effect their collective entry has produced is partially dispelled as one of these modern black-suited samurai sits down and allows his suit pants to ride up his ankle, revealing the bottom cuffs of a pair of gray long underwear. We sit beside these wealthy and powerful Japanese businessmen, all about 60 years old, as the three uniformed girls appear again and noiselessly begin to move about the room pouring tea, bowing slightly at each stop. I glance over at Brown. He seems utterly unimpressed by the affectations of respect and hierarchy around us. But there is something about his presence, his youth, his irreverence, his confidence, his Californianess which makes these men before us seem almost preposterously remote.

"Wherever you go," Brown begins, getting right down to the task of wooing one of these car plants to California, "people know California and have a pleasant association with it. I think any product that is made there cannot help but pick up that association," he says, amplifying on an idea which he tried out on the minister of trade last night. He is talking about California as if it were a country with its own identity and culture, like a salesman trying to peddle industrial lots to the Japanese. But what is this man, the Environmental Prince of saved redwoods and compost privies, doing here in this den of capitalist Japanese pirates?

He is plunging forward into the whole subject of international trade: protective tariffs, unitary tax, pollution control, his concern that Japanese imports generate more jobs for California. He is feeling his way, picking up information with agility. He leads the conversation, asking questions rapid fire until he understands the problem, any problem.

President Iwakoshi raises his head slightly, and looks down his nose at Brown as he speaks. He watches Brown with unbroken concentration even while the interpreter is translating into Japanese, as if he were trying to read something from the face of this man who has, with two days notice, succeeded in getting him to a meeting on a Saturday.

We lunch at a traditional Japanese restaurant, sitting at low lacquered tables on tatami mats. We are served numerous beautifully arranged courses which seem to lean toward sea slugs, parsnips and seaweed. We eat and discuss cars and trade.

"Are you familiar with the Zen Center in San Francisco," Brown suddenly asks.

"Oh yes," President Iwakoshi affirms, perhaps only hearing the part "south of San Francisco." "I have visited the Ford assembly plant in San Jose."

There is a cultural collision happening in this room which is not easy to describe. Brown's presence here with these polite and opaque Japanese *zaibatsu* evokes the scene of some mad scientist

who wantonly mixes various potent chemicals together, uncertain whether he will end up with no reaction at all, some sizzling and smoke, or perhaps an incredible explosion.

Mr. Morita is one of those rare Japanese men so deeply imbued with international coloration that it is easy to forget that he is Japanese.

The president of the Sony Company, Mr. Morita is a small man who wears longish gray hair tucked back behind his ears in a manner suggesting the respectable flamboyance of a symphony orchestra conductor. He is spry, genial and outspoken.

"So, I am telling all my friends," this diminutive mogul is saying to Brown in English with strident charm, "my Japanese friends, my German friends, all of them! I'm telling them not to invest in California because of your unitary tax." (A unitary tax is one in which a foreign corporation is taxed a percentage of its U.S. profits, computed on the basis of its total world-wide profits.) "You see," he says, sitting opposite Brown in his hotel sitting room, "I don't want them to get stuck!"

Brown wears the expression of a man who has just bit into an unripe persimmon. He is peeved.

"Just the man we are looking for on this trip," he says caustically.

"Yes," says Morita. "We have opened a color TV plant in San Diego, and we are very unhappy."

"OK. We'll have to take a look at this unitary tax," replies Brown, staring off into the room.

"Japanese people are very polite. I'm too Americanized," says Morita, as if to apologize for himself. "Anyway, I can be frank with you. Everywhere, all over the world, people are very unhappy with California."

"So, you're at war with California," says Brown, looking for some way to terminate the encounter.

"Can you imagine that guy," Brown says incredulously down in the hotel bar later in the evening, as we conduct a late-night search-operation for something to eat. "He was just rapping our ears off. He just wouldn't stop. I thought he was insulting."

He orders another glass of white wine.

"What do you think? You don't think I was too heavy with him, do you?"

It is Sunday morning. There is nothing scheduled today. We sit around Brown's suite talking about what we're going to do and the feasibility of requesting permission to go to China. Various members of the press are calling for interviews. Two California businessmen whom Brown has run into in the lobby drop by. The hours move by.

"Let's get this China thing rolling and get out of here," Brown says finally. "This suite is costing me $130 a day. It's too expensive. Why don't we go and stay at a Japanese inn or something? How about a Zen monastery? That's what you're supposed to do when you come to Japan, isn't it?"

Dick gets on the phone to the manager of the hotel. A little while later he reappears. "OK. Let's go. I've got a car and found out the name of some monastery or other. Let's get a cable off to the Chinese and get out of here."

## What is the prince of saved redwoods and compost privies doing in the den of capitalistic Japanese pirates?

We take the elevator down to the lobby, stand at the cable counter and send a telegram to the Honorable Huang Hua, Foreign Minister, Peking, The People's Republic of China, expressing "the governor's" interest in visiting China. But somehow, it all seems too unofficial and ungovernmental: the governor of the most populous state in America, standing at a counter in a hotel lobby, discussing the wording of a telegram to the foreign minister of the most populous nation on earth, while bellhops move suitcases and tourists wait in orderly groups for their buses?

We finally leave the hotel and arrive at the Tokyo suburb of Seijo. It is springtime, and cherry blossoms float through the air, blowing into small drifts on the narrow asphalt lanes. It is quiet. The scale of the city seems to suddenly shrink to more human proportions in these outlying neighborhoods. Though the houses are squeezed together, the Japanese have preserved every tree and every piece of greenery as if it were human life itself.

The Ko-un-ji Temple is on a back street so narrow that there is hardly room for one car to pass. There are strings of bright-colored pennants hanging from its sloping roof, which make it look at first glance like a cross between a used car lot and a yacht flying code flags.

"It must be for Buddha's birthday," says Brown. "It's the same day as mine, you know."

A young Japanese with a shaven head and wearing brown robes leads us into the garden, through some shoji screens, up a narrow flight of stairs, and into a small room with tatami mats. There is a flower arrangement on a low table, a picture of Buddha under the Bodhi tree and an air conditioner. A wall hanging done in a very cursive style of Japanese calligraphy reads, "Water Like Buddha's Teaching Flows Everywhere."

Since we have no interpreter, and since none of us speaks Japanese, we just sit and wait, not quite sure for what. It is not even clear to us if they know why we are here or even who we are. For all they know, we could just be three crazy *gaijin* (foreigners) who have wandered in off the street.

Finally, a man dressed in a T-shirt and slacks arrives slightly out of breath. His English is at best rudimentary. Brown sits with a bemused smile, apparently enjoying this unfolding event, as well as the utter anonymity he seems to have at last attained in this small temple.

Our translator is apparently a parishioner who comes to Ko-un-ji Temple several times a week to meditate. Introductions are made. But since no one's name seems to have any significance for anyone else, all are quickly forgotten.

"Today is Buddha birthday," says our new host, smiling.

"Buddha has many birthdays," replies Brown, falling into a kind of modified pidgin English.

"Do you pour water and sweet tea over the Buddha today?" asks Brown, still trying to establish some common base of discourse.

"What?" replies our host.

Brown repeats the question very slowly.

"I'm interested in learning if there are many people here in Tokyo who practice Zen?" asks Brown.

"Yes. Many peoples want to practice Zen," replies our host, like a student in a foreign language class who is given the task of converting a declarative sentence to an interrogative sentence.

"I come here three times a week to meditate and pray," he continues. "Then, I return to my company and work. I sell pharmaceuticals. I sit three days *sesshin* (a long period of Zen meditation) each year."

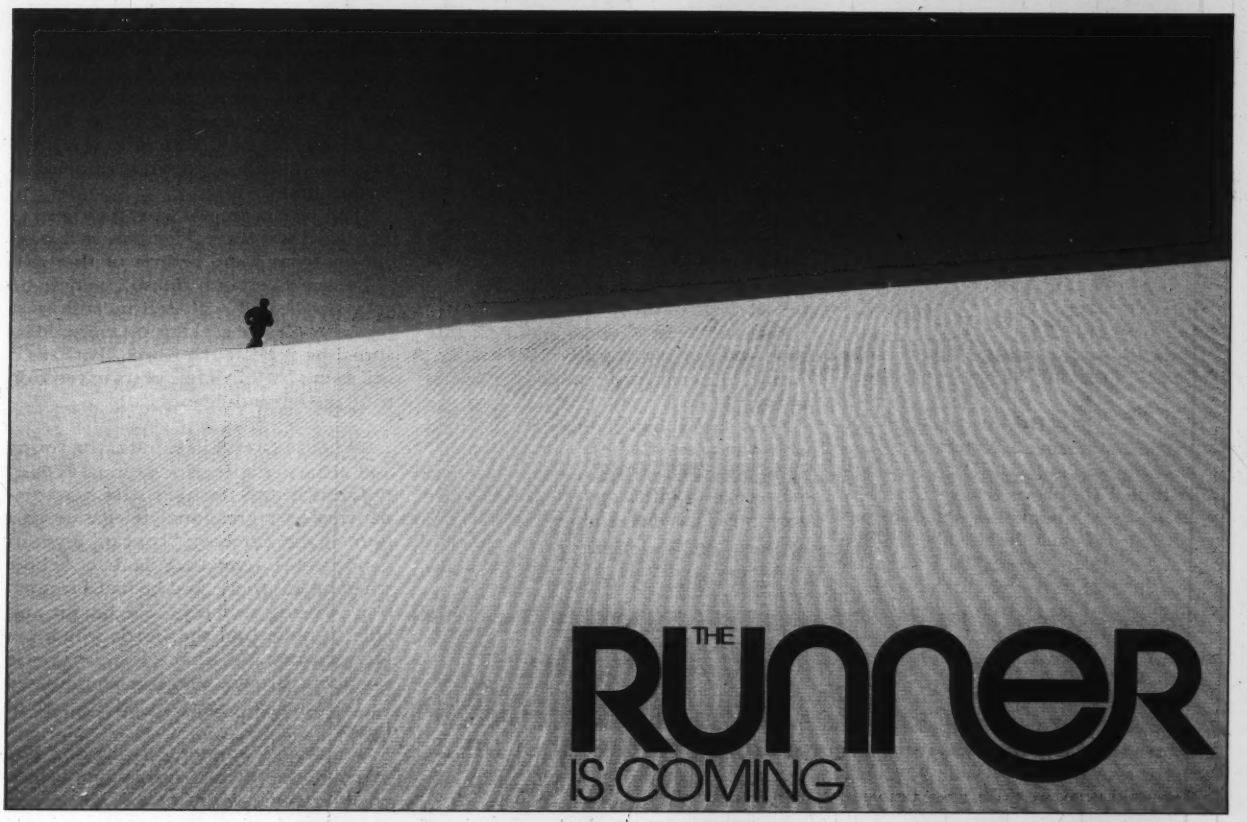
The abbot of the temple, an older man in robes and a shaven head, arrives. He bows, smiles, and sits down on the tatami mats at the end of the table. Tea is served.

"This is sweet tea," says our translator. "After Buddha was born, sweet rain fell. Please," he gestures toward the tea.

Brown picks up his cup and sips the tea. Then, shaking his head in disbelief, he says to Dick and me, "It's kind of amazing how we arrived here, isn't it? I'm not sure I even know how it happened." He looks first at the translator, who is grinning, and then at the abbot, who is expressionless, then fixes his gaze out the window at some budding bamboo blowing in the breeze.

"What are the three truths?" asks Brown, as if he were a host on a quiz show.

"Yes. This is old question," replies the




Every once in a blue moon, a new phenomenon gives birth to an exceptional magazine. In the late 50s, early 60s, the explosion of spectator sports created a need and a market for *Sports Illustrated.* In the late 60s, it was rock music... and *Rolling Stone.* Now it's the end of the 70s, a time that has seen an entire nation take to its feet. More than 20 million Americans (according to the latest Gallup Poll) are off and running, and we, the editors of *New Times* (and last year's *Official New York City Marathon Program)* are creating a new magazine for those who share in this, the fastest growing of participant sports.

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translator, looking at the abbot to see if he is still tuned in.

"Do you study Buddhism?" asks the translator.

"Not really," replies Brown. "But there are some people in America who are interested. I talk to them often."

"Is it a . . . How you say? . . . A . . . " he pauses. "A . . . a boom?" he asks triumphantly with a smile.

"A boom?" retorts Brown, laughing.

"A boom," the translator reaffirms with added surety.

"Oh, not really."

"Why did you come to Japan?" asks the abbot, breaking silence for the first time.

"Oh . . . " says Brown, searching for some comprehensive answer. "For Buddha's birthday, and I'd like to give you something." He hands the abbot a copy of D. Z. Suzuki's book, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind: Informal Talks On Zen Meditation and Practice.* Suzuki roshi was the original master of the San Francisco Zen Center (now also encompassing Tassajara Hot Springs and Green Gulch Ranch in Marin County, which Brown often visits on weekends).

"In the beginning mind there are many possibilities. In an expert's mind there are few," says Brown, as if reciting from the scriptures.

"Do you know the difference between the Rinzai and Soto sects of Zen Buddhism?" the abbot asks. "Well, in Rinzai, they sit and talk of many questions. In Soto, we sit against the wall and think of nothing." The abbot lights up a cigarette.

A silence ensues.

"We thank you for your hospitality," says Brown. "I think we should be going."

The abbot bows. The translator shakes our hands, and we depart.

"I find that studying Zen makes it easier to understand Catholicism," says Brown as we leave. "It's really quite similar to Zen in a way. There are only so many philosophical principles, and they seem to permeate all philosophies. By studying one, you can understand something of the others: Zen, the Jesuits, the Communist Chinese." He is in a relaxed and reflective mood.

"Hey. Are there any other Zen temples we can go to around here?" he asks the driver.

The driver thinks. Nods his head.

We arrive at Rotokuji Temple, one of the oldest in Tokyo. We get out of the limousine and wander about among the buildings, uncertain about what we are seeing. Brown is intrepid, willing to go anywhere whether invited or not.

A young man with a shaven head greets us as we walk into one of the ancient tile roofed buildings. We try to communicate. But the young man can make no sense out of us, and we can make no sense out of him. We part giving each other smiles of futility.

As we walk back to the car under some tall gnarled pines that look to be hundreds of years old, we pass a bronze bell hanging outside under a small roof.

"There's a bell just like the one at the Green Gulch Zen Center," says Brown, pleased at last to recognize something familiar.

"I think I'll go up and ring it a few times for Buddha's birthday," he says with a naughty look, enjoying the obvious sacrilege of the idea.

"Ah well," he says, abandoning the idea, and moving again toward the limousine, "I never made much of a tourist anyway."

"You know how I first got involved with the Zen Center in California?" Brown continues. "I was driving around one weekend with a girl friend. We were down near Carmel, and we just decided we'd go up to Tassajara Hot Springs and have a look. I really didn't know much about it then.

**"What are the three truths?" asks Brown, as if he were the host on a quiz show**

"As we climbed up that narrow road in the mountains, I remember there were signs everywhere that said, 'CLOSED—TURN BACK.' I guess it was that time of the year when the place is closed to the public.

"Anyway, I just wanted to keep going. When we got there, everyone was very gracious. They called their head, Dick Baker, up in San Francisco, and he drove out. So, that's how it began."

"Opportunity is the great enemy of commitment," Brown says as we ride back to Tokyo. These out-loud ruminations he shares with anyone and everyone present at once establish some form of communication, but also keep the listener at a strange distance. Although many of them are phrased as questions, they are posed in such a way that there is almost a tacit understanding that they need not, perhaps should not, be answered. If it were not a contradiction in terms, one might say that Brown holds dialogues with himself.

"In seminary they were always speaking to us in Latin." Brown returns, as he often does, to his novitiate experience for examples and anecdotes. "They'd tell us, 'Ad Majoram Dei Gloriam'—'To the Greater Glory of God.' It's almost like the Chinese slogan, 'Rehearse For The Revolution.' One should work for something outside of the self. In seminary we all had to sign a will which gave away everything that we had. I don't really know what the legal ramifications of it were. But anyway, we felt like we were signing away every possession that we had. We were supposed to be 'In the world, but not of it,'" he says, as if it is a wager that is still not entirely resolved in his own mind.

"The Jesuits are not what they used to be when I was there," he says, as if waking up from some reverie of the past. "The world certainly doesn't seem to be very permeated with self-mortification now. People are seeking pleasure. Pleasure," he repeats the word. "Perhaps it will swing back in a few years in reaction to all the self-indulgence."

"What's he *really* like?" asks the young and attractive wife of a National Security Council staff member who is accompanying a congressional delegation on a tour of the Far East. "I mean, my husband and I went to Yale Law School when he was there, and he had a reputation of being so flaky." She laughs, unable to quite find the words which politely express just what it is she means to say about Brown, who has been invited to this cocktail party as "the guest of honor."

"Anyway, I wonder. I really do." She takes another drink from a white-jacketed houseboy who moves about the grand old high-ceiling reception room of the American Embassy with a small silver tray.

The room is sparsely filled with a few congressmen, Japanese government officials, and a generous helping of foreign service officers dressed like overgrown prep school boys.

Brown is standing in the center of the room before a large fireplace. A knot of people has gathered around him. The conversation is not electrifying.

"We have many other engagements," he finally says to the *charge d'affaires'* wife.

"Oh yes, of course," she says, offering a white gloved hand to Brown as he sweeps toward the front door. He departs with a sense of urgency, as if he were on his way for an audience with the Emperor. Actually, we are off to the Harumi Dome for the Rolling Coconut Review, a series of concerts by prominent American singers to raise money to save the whales.

"The whales. It's a problem," says Brown, as we get into our chauffeur-driven car outside. "What are we going to save, and what are we not going to save."

It is raining. We drive through the wet streets of Tokyo without talking.

"Linda Ronstadt thought she might come and sing over here," he finally says. "But I didn't think she should come. She has a concert tour here later on. Anyway, she thought it might be patronizing to come over and teach

the Japanese how to save the whales."

Inside the vast auditorium it is sometimes hard to remember that we're in Japan. The people backstage are wearing cowboy hats and "Save the Earth" and "Save the Whale" buttons. A girl in Can't Bustem Overalls, a T-shirt and sandals is singing with a country western band. But she is Japanese, and the beer can held by a guy standing next to me has Japanese characters all over the label. An audience of thousands of Japanese youths sits out in the darkness beyond the stage, swaying back and forth to the deafeningly loud music. Governor Brown stands three feet to my right. The rock singer and composer Jackson Browne stands just in front of me talking with Mimi Farina.

"I think this whole fucking show is great!" says Jackson Browne. "Whoooooooooooo Eeeeeeeee!" he yelps, and makes a gesture with his hands as if to indicate the top of his head is blowing off.

The music stops. A film of the gray whales migrating along the California coast flickers on a large screen. These leviathans emit strange squeaking, grunting and growling noises as their bulky, graceful bodies turn and dive.

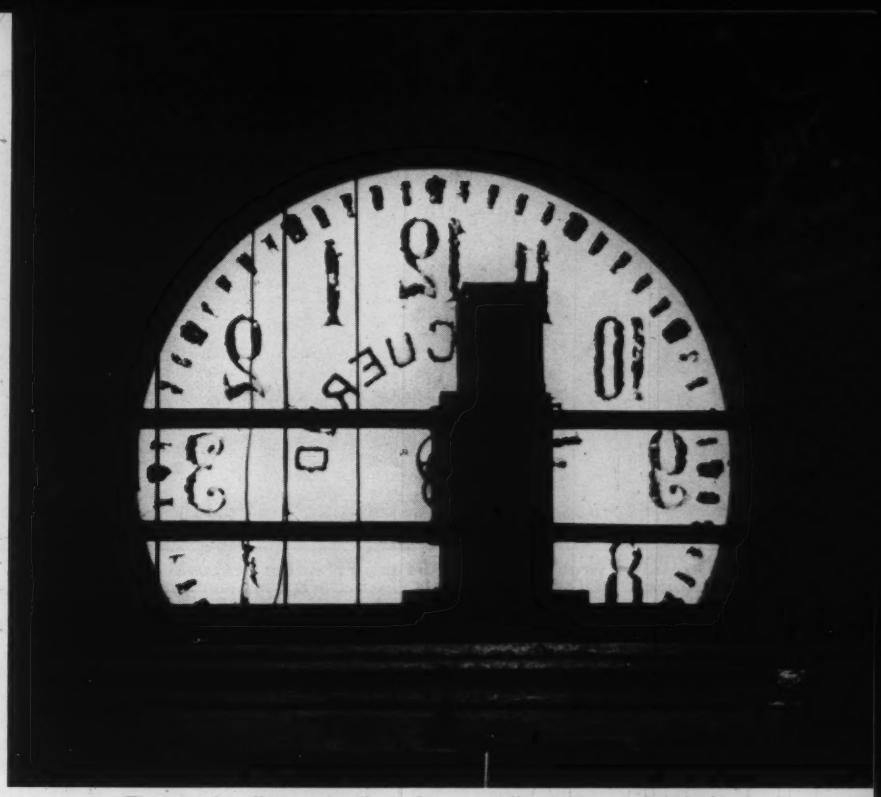
"He sure comes to a lot of these whale events," says a bearded American roadie looking at the governor, who is now wearing a "Save the Whale" pin, and is seated on a folding chair talking to one of the concert organizers. I cannot help but wonder what Mr. Iwakoshi, president of Nissan Motors, would say if he saw Brown now, immersed in the whale-saving counterculture.

But Brown seems to savor these rapid fire transactions, perhaps because they attest to his ability to transcend the ordinary stereotypes which seem to trap more mortal men. And yet, in which of these worlds does he feel most at home?

Suddenly, it is Brown's turn to make some remarks. He walks out on the stage into the spotlight. He seems uncharacteristically timid and disoriented by this audience, which offers no hint of how they feel about him, or even about saving whales.

"America and Japan have added many things to the planet," he begins. The audience is quiet. "TVs, cars. Both have brought progress and happiness to many people. But as technology progresses, we should also remember that the planets and the oceans must be respected if they are to survive. So, as you enjoy the music, you should think of the many things which will not survive unless man treats them with care. One of those is the whale. And I like to think that the whale is in the image of man himself. As we preserve one, we preserve the other."

There is a ripple of applause as the translator finishes.

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**Summit: President Brown of California and President Iwakoshi of Datsun**

"And now, I'd like to introduce another Browne from California," says the governor, "Jackson Browne!"

"Jackson's gonna knock 'em dead," says Richie Havens from behind me. "It's lucky they got the governor on first."

There is a tidal wave of applause. It is indeed unusual to be with a crowd for whom Jerry Brown is not the main attraction.

Jackson Browne breaks into his "Here Come Those Tears Again," and the audience begins to clap and scream, yelling in unison, "*Saiko! Saiko! Saiko!*" which in Japanese literally means "the highest," but which is more colloquially equivalent to "Far out!"

The crowd is on its feet surging toward the stage.

"Hey, I want to see this," says Brown, moving forward to survey the audience.

"I wonder where these kids really are when it comes to saving whales," he says over the music and roar of the crowd.

"Maybe they just want to hear the music," he says diffidently, and then walks to the rear of the stage.

Twenty-four hours have passed since we cabled Peking, and we have not yet received a reply. Brown has left for Nagoya on the famed Bullet Train to visit the Tokyo plant. I remain behind with our passports at the hotel, in case the Chinese should choose to respond to our abrupt entreaty. I find myself marvelling at Brown's energy. After the frenzied rush of the last few days I am ready to expire; it is a welcome respite to be able to lounge on my bed in this luxurious hotel. Brown continues on, maintaining a constant level of intense activity which seems to leave him neither spent nor irascible.

I am just dozing off when the phone rings. The Chinese have extended an invitation to Brown to visit China tomorrow. They want someone to come to the Chinese Embassy immediately for "a friendly chat" and to pick up the visas.

The news stuns me. Brown has done it again on the wing! In 24 hours he has succeeded in eliciting a response from the people who very often take months and years to answer such requests, and frequently do not answer at all. It is clear that this governor is a man whom the Chinese have been watching, and whom they see as an important American political figure.

I call Brown on the train, which is now returning from Nagoya. Having checked the airline schedules to and from Peking, it is still not clear to me how this whole trip can be completed in time for Brown to arrive back in California for several important appointments at the end of the week.

I explain what has happened and ask if he is still interested in going.

"Yes," he says, through the static from the train radio telephone. "Why don't you go down and get the visas at the embassy." He pauses. And then, as if he were still trying to convince himself that the proposed trip was a sound idea, he adds, "Who knows? Maybe we'll learn something."

"You realize that we would only have a day or so in China."

"Let's see what works out."

The Embassy of the People's Republic of China is just closing as I arrive late in the afternoon. But I am greeted warmly at the door and immediately ushered upstairs to a small sitting room.

Green tea is served. The embassy officials are helpful, but also appear a little bewildered by this man who is in such a hurry to go to China, but knows neither when he will leave nor when he will return.

I hand an official the applications I have filled out with our passports. We sip more tea. Then I decide to make one last call to Brown, who by now is back in Tokyo meeting with the president of Honda at the Bank of Tokyo.

"I just don't know," he says, when I finally get through to him. "I talked to Sacramento. They think the trip is foolish. We'd better discuss it some more. Can you bring our passports, get our luggage, and meet here?"

"I think it's too jet setty," says Brown when we finally regroup at the Bank of Tokyo. "I think such a fast trip to China would be too flaky, and I've got to watch that. All this Zen stuff, and then flying to China for the day. I mean, why are we doing it? What do we expect to accomplish? It's muddy. I think that's what bothers me."

He looks at his watch. As is so often the case with Brown, it is not until the eleventh hour, when an issue or problem becomes unavoidable and urgent, that he turns the full focus of his attention toward it.

"It would be different if we could stay awhile," he says. And then, somewhat more hesitatingly, he asks, "Do you think we would see what's-his-name . . . Yes, Hua Kuo-feng?"

I reply that I would assume so, but that I am not certain.

"We couldn't really get back before Friday," says Brown. "I've really got to be there to see Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland, and then I've got to go to North Carolina to some Democratic meeting. How offended do you think the Chinese will be? Do you think all this will effect the chances of going later, say with some larger delegation? Perhaps we could set up some agricultural delegation. Something with a clearly outlined purpose. I wouldn't mind leading such a delegation," he says, brightening a little.

"Alright. Let's just get into the car and start driving to the airport. We can discuss it some more as we go. If we are to return to the U.S. as planned, our flight departs in an hour and a half. If we decide to go to China, we'll just turn around."

The plane to Los Angeles is full. We sit at the rear of one of the sections drinking wine and beer. The China episode is behind us.

A Japanese hostess comes down the aisle, sees Brown, and stops at our row of seats.

"I hear that you are not married yet," she says, with a heavy accent.

"No. I'm not. No. I guess I'm not ready yet."

"Why not?" she giggles, perhaps surprised by her own brazenness.

"Why not? I guess I haven't found the right situation. And why aren't you married?" he asks, turning the tables on a questioner as he so often does.

"I'm not ready yet," she replies, beating an embarrassed retreat.

There is a lapse in the conversation.

"Why can't people stay together?"

asks Brown, looking away from me into the aisle. "I don't know. Maybe it's too much mobility. Too many tempting possibilities. No linkages. What is the meaning of it all if there is no continuity?"

"I had breakfast with Prime Minister Trudeau the other day. I like him. But, you know, this thing with his wife . . . Anyway, we got talking. I told him that I thought people should stick with things. If a person marries a diplomat or a leader, he or she is accepting certain responsibilities that cannot be broken just because someone 'feels like it.' There's something wrong with everyone being so free and mobile; so 'free' and irresponsible that they think they can do anything they like." He pauses. "Well, anyway, I'm not so sure that all this freedom makes people as happy as they think it does."

"Do you think men and women should stay together the way they used to, even though it is extremely difficult and painful?"

He thinks about the question a while.

"I don't know." And, then, as if eschewing any pretense of experience in the field, he adds, "Well, look at me. I'm not even married. I don't know. I just don't know. Maybe we should all just Carterize ourselves with a wife and children, and . . . " He halts mid-thought.

"Oh, don't go using that in your book," he laughs, as he sees me writing on an air sickness bag. "I've got to work with Carter. And, actually, I've come to respect him. He's an intelligent and fair man. But he's a moralist, not a philosopher, and he really believes in hierarchy." He pauses as if he knows it is better to say no more, but can't resist one last thought. "I'm not sure Carter properly appreciates the degree of decline in our society."

It is late in the night now. People in the cabin are starting to curl up in their seats to sleep. Brown orders another white wine.

The cabin lights go off. There is no one hounding him here. There are no phone calls, no meetings, no decisions to be made. We have nine hours to pass in limbo. Brown is more open than I have ever seen him. He seems to enjoy the freedom of conversation which has no object other than . . . other than what? Perhaps it could best be described as a kind of recreational conversation. Where most people like to go to the beach or watch a ball game on TV, Brown likes to talk. He often speaks in homilies, clever riddles and aphorisms suggestive of the Wisdom of Confucius, which tempt interviewers and other political figures to try to make some coherent philosophical system out of the pronouncements which gush forth. But much of what he says is speculative and said out of perversity. It is not easy to make whole systems out of the non-stop bits and pieces of wit, insight, irony and self-mockery which comprise even one day's production of Brown verbiage. He can be downright outrageous. One night after a few beers and a big dinner, I remember, he quite comically suggested that he was bored, only had twelve more months of his first term as governor left, and felt like doing "something big." Having ruminated on several almost unmentionable and implausible possibilities, he suggested, "I guess the biggest bang would be to just not run again. Just tell them, 'No more!' and go off and start a pig farm."

The fact that the press often criticizes him for being oblique and contradictory does seem to bother him.

"So often the press just wants to put politicians in quick and easy corners," he says, sipping his wine in a plastic stemmed glass. "They want to know, 'What's your answer to this? What's your answer to that or something else?' It's not easy to say that you don't know, or just to speculate. They think you're being coy and don't believe you.

"I really enjoyed myself on my interviews with William Buckley," he continues, showing signs of animation. "He's got a sense of humor, although I know some people might think that his program is just a lot of intellectual bullshit. But ideas are important. I don't know if people realize how hard it is to move a whole society with ideas. People seem to have the notion that as governor or president you can just *do* things, anything. You know, just crank up the legislators and get moving.

"I don't know what it is," he adds, seeming to rein himself in lest he appear a complainer. "But the press comes out here from New York and Washington, talks for a few hours, and then they go back and write something. I think they often see me as flip and arrogant." He pauses again.

"The press," he says, and then drums his fingers on his teeth thinking about it. "They're an interesting problem. I mean, basically, isn't most of the press just trying to titillate cluttered minds? If a journalist doesn't grab the attention of his reader in the first paragraph, he's lost. He knows that.

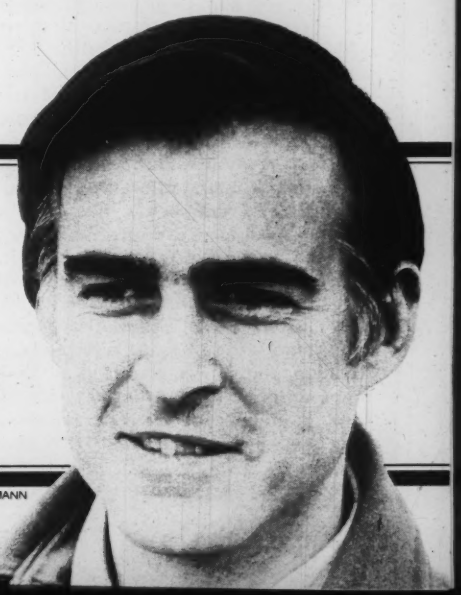
"I think members of the press are not too different from politicians. They're ambitious. Their by-lines are important to them. They have a cult of personality. Whether they know it or not, the press are part of the action, but they seem to feel left out. If you try and bring them in, they feel patronized. Maybe I should write a book about the press.

"I suppose that you can say that some way or other everyone is into politics for his ego. How do you get rid of those egos? Do we want to get rid of those egos? I mean, how do you get rid of your selfish desires? I've asked myself that for twenty years. How do you forget yourself and find things to which you can give yourself which are more important? It's that Christian notion. It may sound pompous." He stops talking for a moment, then sighs and says with that Brownian tinge of self-mockery, "I guess I'm a seeker. Of what? Truth or something? Mortification of the flesh? Self-denial?" He laughs.

"I remember in seminary I used to refuse to put salt on my eggs. It was a symbol. Or when I'd get a letter from home, I wouldn't open it up and read it right away. I'd force myself to wait. A little self-denial's good for the soul. But maybe we should learn to give rather than deny ourselves. These questions are hard to answer. It would be nice if one could be in politics, but not of it. Yes," he says to reaffirm the thought, "to be in the world, but not of it."

It's early in the morning now, although still dark outside the aircraft. Almost everyone else in the plane has long since gone to sleep. We are both fatigued. Brown pulls a blanket up to his chin, puts his seat back, and soon nods off, head down on his shoulder, mouth slightly open. ●

**"I guess I'm a seeker. Of what? Truth or something? Mortification of the flesh? Self-denial?"**



ILKA HARTMANN

## MICROWAVES

*Continued from page 37*

residents of Truro demanded of the Air Force—Tyler says, "I can never prove the null hypothesis. I can do a million studies, and if all those studies are negative, I still haven't proved that it's safe. It's kind of a Catch-22. Everyone's coming out and saying, 'You're bad boys and you're guilty.' And there's no real proof—scientific proof—that these things are hazardous. We'd like to go out and get the scientific evidence before being condemned.

"There is no evidence to date that microwaves—short of heating—have permanent or adverse biological effects. There are some people's suspicions of this, but no evidence whatsoever.

"I don't know if it's a hazard. It really needs to be looked at and investigated. It may be a benefit." Tyler laughs. "I don't know."

But that, say critics of the military's microwave policies, is exactly the point—nobody *knows* what long-term effects will result from low-level microwave exposure. And since some animal experiments indicate that the effects could be devastating, why not cut back levels of irradiation pending a comprehensive epidemiological study (which might take 20 years to yield results)?

Because, Tyler says, then we'd have "a real problem of inhibiting use when there's no real reason to inhibit use." He allows as how this is all "a really difficult philosophical problem."

The frightening thing about the government's microwave policy, critics will tell you, is that there *is* no policy to speak of. "There is no standard for this stuff," Paul Brodeur says. "You can be zapped with anything."

There is a *recommended* standard—without the force of law—that was adopted in the late 1950s by the American National Standards Institute. The institute said that no human should be exposed continuously to more than ten milliwatts (ten one-thousandths of a watt) of microwave radiation per square centimeter. But the adoption of that standard was very much a shot-in-the-dark affair; it was based on a pure guess by scientists about what levels would be harmful. Since ten milliwatts per square centimeter is well below the level at which microwaves produce heat, it was believed at the time that this standard was more than safe.

It was believed, that is, in the United States. In the Soviet Union, though, the safety standards are quite different. For workers, the Soviet standard is 1,000 times tougher than America's ten-milliwatt guideline; for the general population, the Soviet standard is 10,000 times tougher.

The difference between the Soviet and American standards reflects, in part, a difference in the body of research each country has produced. Soviet and Eastern European scientists have probed deeply into the question of low-level microwave effects; their American counterparts have not. And the handful of Americans who *have* shown concern about low-level health hazards were ridiculed by their peers and ultimately denied research funds.

**Dr. Zaret says that eight or nine air traffic controllers have developed microwave cataracts. One controller with a cataract, he says, nearly caused a mid-air collision**

This is the backdrop against which the Zaret/Tyler Hawaiian soap opera was played out. To Zaret and his supporters, Tyler's cursory inspection, and the subsequent cancellation of the project, was not an isolated incident. Instead, they see it as part of a systematic attempt by industry and the military to silence researchers who raise troubling questions about microwave effects. (Just before his project was halted, Zaret told the Navy that one monkey had died after being exposed for several hours to 20 milliwatts of microwaves per square centimeter. "The finding has extremely serious implications," he reported.)

Zaret is not the only microwave researcher to run into trouble because of his findings. As far back as 1957, Dr. John T. McLaughlin, a Glendale, California, surgeon, published a paper in which he told of a radar repairman working for Hughes Aircraft Company who died after intense exposure to microwaves. Howard Hughes tried to get a court order preventing *California Medicine* from printing the article.

Industry and the military don't have to resort to court orders these days. By controlling the majority of research funds they control the majority of research. (Microwave oven manufacturers, for example, are forever having researchers come up with studies like the 1973 report entitled "Radiation Hazards of Television Broadcasting to the General Population and Comparison with Microwave Oven Hazards." This Raytheon report found, not surprisingly, that TV transmitters irradiate the public to a far greater degree than do microwave ovens.) And the advisory boards that consider national microwave policy—the American National Standards Institute subcommittee, for example—are packed with representatives of industry and the military.

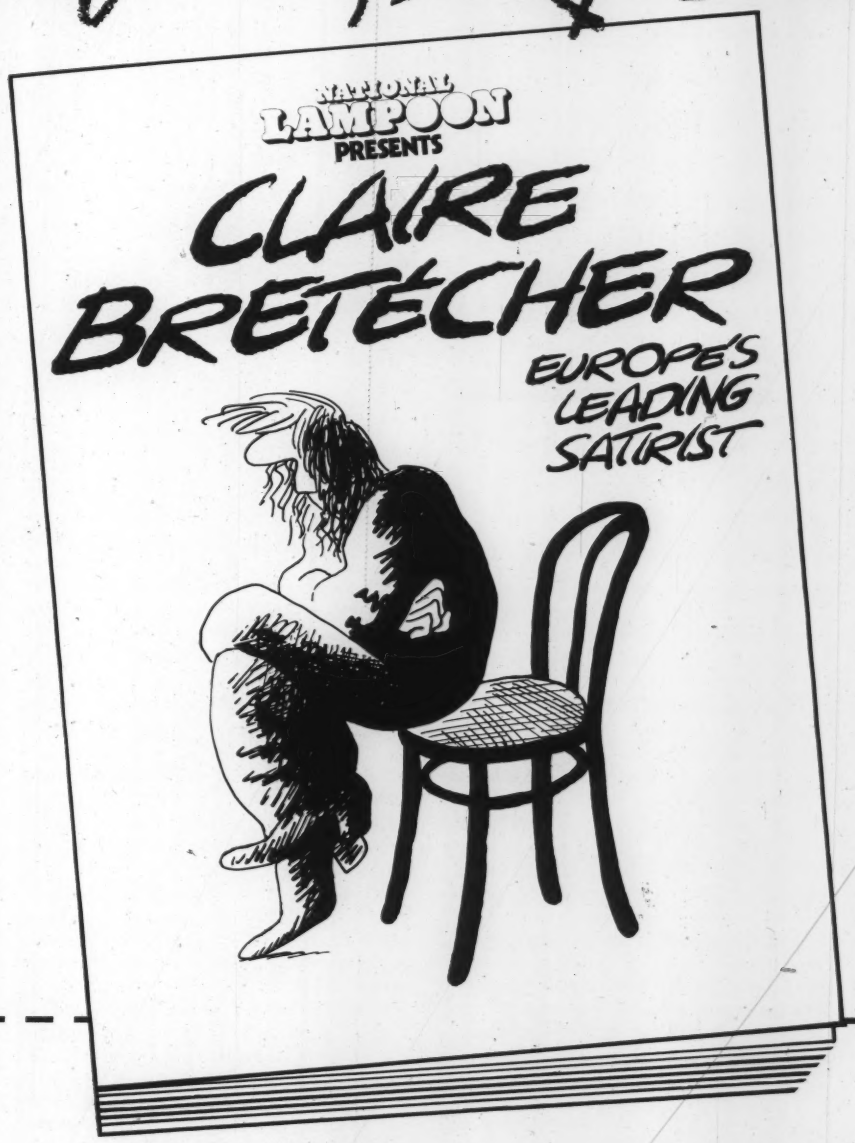
"Nobody is doing the right experiments today," says a frustrated Milton Zaret. "I know a dozen basic experiments that have to be done before we can establish safety." Why doesn't he suggest some of them to the government? "Well, for one thing, nobody in the government wants my opinion."

Col. Budd Appleton, though, the chief opthalmologist at Walter Reed Army Hospital, says he has repeatedly tried to find evidence of what Zaret calls microwave cataracts, without success. While trying, he says, he received "nothing but support" from the Army: "I was given no restrictions as to budget. I was never interfered with in any way."

Still, critics of government microwave policy say they want to see independent research, funded by neither industry nor the military. That's why there is great interest in a study by the Stanford Research Institute of Palo Alto, California, funded by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and completed last month. In that study, researchers irradiated pregnant squirrel monkeys, and later some of their offspring, with microwave doses corresponding to ten milliwatts per square centimeter. Of nine monkeys born to mothers who had been irradiated at this level, five died within six months. (Four of the five were in the group that had been irradiated after birth.) In the control group, where there was no irradiation, none of the monkey offspring died. The doctor who conducted the study cautions against drawing sweeping conclusions from it (it was a small test group, he says), but he has recommended that the EPA perform additional research.

The EPA is studying low-level microwave effects to see if there should be a mandatory national standard for microwaves in the atmosphere. Some observers predict the agency will recommend a standard of one milliwatt per square centimeter (which would still be significantly higher than the Soviet version). Other federal departments might then follow suit, making one milliwatt the new national policy. But industry and the military have a tremendous investment in the ten-milliwatt standard and are expected to fight hard to keep it. "The stakes," Brodeur says, "are mega-dollars, maybe giga-dollars." Even though some military radars could operate at the one-milliwatt standard, other installations, in order to comply, might have to buy adjoining land so that there would be greater distance between microwave transmitters and the public. The cost could be tremendous. (One Pentagon study says the military would

# Claire Bretécher is a funny ~~lady woman~~ person!

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have to "control" an additional 498,000 acres of land under a one-milliwatt standard.) The Navy would have to alter drastically its ship-board radar systems—which are suspected even now of exceeding the ten-milliwatt standard in certain cases. And the military might have to forget about deploying, or even testing, some of the *Star Wars* weapons systems that Pentagon planners are working on these days. Under a one-milliwatt standard, industries using low-level microwaves would have to change working conditions in their plants and businesses. And microwave ovens, which are now allowed to leak up to five milliwatts per square centimeter, would be held to a standard five times as tough.

Those are the stakes as the federal government begins—slowly—to consider mandatory safety standards for low-level microwave radiation. But the government is also up against its own disarray. Microwave radiation is so pervasive, and regulatory agencies so specialized, that it's impossible to tell just who's in charge here. The EPA, for example, theoretically has jurisdiction over the atmosphere, and over the "electronic smog" that microwaves pump into it. But it is the Federal Communications Commission that regulates the use of broadcast transmitters and CB radios, both of which contribute mightily to microwave pollution of the atmosphere. The Bureau of Radiological Health regulates consumer items that use microwaves—ovens, diathermy machines and the like. But the BRH has nothing to say about conditions in work places where microwave exposure takes place. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration does, and it issues regulations to cover industrial use of microwaves. But those regulations are merely advisory. And NASA takes care of outer space—where, scientists say, there will one day be huge satellites collecting solar energy and beaming it to earth with microwaves.

How well do all these agencies cooperate? "More like children than the federal bureaucracy," says a medical researcher who has sat in on a number of inter-agency meetings about microwaves.

And no agency, of course, tells the military—the largest user by far of microwave devices—what to do. Military officials insist that the three services stick scrupulously to the ten-milliwatt standard, but critics point out that there is nothing compelling them to do so, and that in some cases they may not. Anyway, critics say, the ten-milliwatt standard is a joke.

While the federal regulatory agencies debate matters of turf and protocol, ominous things are happening:

● At the *New York Times*, two copy editors working with VDTs—Video Display Terminals—have developed cataracts at remarkably early ages (29 and 35). The case is now before an arbitrator, and, pending his decision, spokesmen for both the *Times* and the Newspaper Guild, which is representing the employees, are skittish about discussing the matter publicly. Sources say, though, that the Guild is unsatisfied with the *Times*' assurances that it has measured radiation levels around the VDTs and found them to be safe. The Guild wants more tests. Meanwhile, the *Times*, like newspapers large and small all over the country, continues to junk its typewriters and editing pencils and replace them with VDT systems, which allow reporters to write stories, and editors to edit them, on the sort of video typewriters used at airline reservation counters. (There are now about 10,000 VDTs in use at newspapers across the U.S. In 1970, there were about 20.) There are some who suspect, though, that VDTs might leak harmful radiation. If so, reporters, editors, airline reservations agents, bank tellers, librarians and all others who use such terminals are in jeopardy.

**"Everyone's coming out and saying, 'You're bad boys and you're guilty,'" says a Navy doctor. "And there's no real proof that [low-level microwaves] are hazardous"**

● The proliferation of CBs and other mobile radios has created a surreal sort of microwave hazard. A driver passing a car with a CB in use is getting zapped. A driver passing a police car, say, or a taxi, is getting zapped even more, since radios in these vehicles are more powerful than CBs. And if you're going under a bridge at the same time as one of these vehicles, and if the driver is transmitting, and if there is a metal grid under the bridge—if all this happens at once, the microwaves from the transmitter are not scattering into the atmosphere, but are bouncing around crazily in a suddenly created electromagnetic field. And if your steering wheel has a metal loop in it, as many do, it may be acting as an antenna and pulling the radiation into your car. Something to remember the next time you pass a cop or a cabbie chatting it up as he drives.

● Microwave ovens are now selling in record numbers. (In 1975, for the first time, Americans bought more microwave ovens than gas ranges—a total of 800,000.) But fears about the safety of the ovens—which kept demand down when they first hit the market—still persist among some scientists, even if the public appears satisfied. For one thing, there are doubts about the stringency of the Bureau of Radiological Health's regulations, which allow the ovens to leak a full five milliwatts per square centimeter when in use. (And how, critics ask, are consumers supposed to know how much their ovens leak?) And critics also point out that General Electric has frequently had to repair ovens when they were suspected of leaking in excess of the five-milliwatt standard. (In 1977, GE recalled 36,000 microwave ovens at the behest of the BRH.) Frank Miles, a spokesman for the Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers, says microwave ovens are absolutely safe and that, "so far as we know, BRH has steadfastly said that the existing [five-milliwatt] standard is adequate." Nonsense, says Paul Brodeur, and he pulls from the welter of files in his office a recent BRH report. He begins reading: "The possibility that cumulative effects of microwave radiation can occur has been raised through research and cannot be ignored. The potential exists for exposure of young and very young people repetitively as [microwave] ovens come into common usage and effects may result. Substantial follow-up of exposed populations will be needed to examine the question of such effects." He puts the report down. "You know what that last sentence means?" he says. "It means that everybody is a test animal."

● Over the last several years, about 25 former government employees have filed benefit claims for microwave-related disability with the Department of Labor's Office of Workmen's Compensation Programs. Most of these claims have come from radar technicians—Federal Aviation Administration employees or civilians working for the Navy. Some of the claims have been rejected and others are pending, but the significant news is that several have been approved. This amounts, however casually, to a *de facto* government recognition of low-level microwave hazards—and it has officials of the military and the FAA worried about more such claims. Two of the awards made by the Department of Labor were to air traffic controllers employed by the FAA who developed cataracts. Milton Zaret, though, says he knows of eight or nine air traffic controllers who have developed microwave cataracts. And he says that one controller with an incipient cataract once lost the position of aircraft on his screen, and in another instance misidentified them. In the second case a mid-air collision was only narrowly avoided. Controllers peer hour after hour into radar screens similar in principle to the VDTs in newspaper offices;

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Zaret says the screens can emit "radiant energy" when they malfunction, and that it's "conceivable" this radiant energy takes the form of microwaves. But he won't say the screens cause cataracts, maintaining only that air traffic controllers have developed cataracts and the matter deserves further study. The general environment around airports—which are ringed by radar devices—might also have something to do with the cataracts in air traffic controllers. (For their part, FAA officials are angry about the Department of Labor's awards to radar technicians, saying they didn't have a chance to challenge the evidence. As for air traffic controllers and cataracts, Dr. George Smith, an FAA doctor, insists that radar screens emit "zero" microwaves. And Edwin A. Richardson, chief of the FAA's Environmental Health Office of Aviation Medicine, vehemently refutes Brodeur's charge that the FAA is part of a government cover-up of low-level microwave effects. He says he resents the accusation and adds: "I certainly hope we don't give the impression of not giving a shit about people, not caring if their eyeballs fall out.")

Over the years, Congress has shown only sporadic interest in the microwave issue. The Senate Commerce Committee is planning to hold hearings late this spring, though, to examine the role of regulatory agencies in policing microwave use, and to explore how federal contracts for microwave-related research and development are awarded. Brodeur has urged committee staffers to put Henry Kissinger under oath and make him tell the story of the Moscow embassy cover-up. But a committee spokesman says no decision has been made on that suggestion. The committee, in fact, seems to have all it can handle in simply getting the hearings scheduled. Three of its members have died recently (McClellan, Metcalf and Humphrey), and its chairman, Warren Magnuson, is leaving to run the Appropriations Committee.

The House, too, will soon be getting into the microwave act. The Subcommittee on Health and the Environment of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce plans to hold hearings, probably in April, to examine low-level microwave effects and what the government is doing to protect the public. Will the subcommittee call Kissinger to testify? "That's an idea," says a spokesman. "If it looks like that's the only way we can get information, then we'll do it."

Meanwhile, Brodeur, who is bitterly critical of legislative inaction on microwave issues, is looking skeptically at this new flurry of congressional interest. He thinks that committee staffers are doing solid prepatory work for the hearings but doesn't know if the senators and congressmen they work for have any interest in the matter. "The Congress," he says, "*desperately* does not want to take on the Department of Defense. There's no votes in it."

On the night after the residents of Truro confronted the Air Force several weeks ago, the citizens of Sandwich, another town on Cape Cod, got their chance. In the cafeteria of an elementary school there, over 300 people gathered to hear the officials who spoke at Truro deny once again that low-level microwaves would do anyone any harm.

**The EPA has found that in some high-rise buildings the level of microwave radiation is several times what the Americans received at the Moscow embassy**

But this time the issue wasn't the North Truro Air Force Station. The residents of Sandwich and surrounding towns wanted to know about PAVE PAWS. The name stands for Precision Acquisition of Vehicle Entry Phased Array Warning System. It is a $55 million radar system, six stories high, that is now under construction at nearby Otis Air Force Base. PAVE PAWS, part of a new generation in military radar, is far more sophisticated than a cold-war-vintage station like North Truro. Whereas North Truro has conventional radar beams scanning the skies for bombers, PAVE PAWS, with 3,600 radiating elements focused into a pencil-thin beam, will search for more exotic game: submarine-launched ballistic missiles. And it will be able to detect an object the size of an automobile as far away as Europe.

To the residents of Cape Cod, though, PAVE PAWS' futuristic sheen is beside the point. It will be just one more source of microwave radiation, and they came to the elementary school that night to ask how safe it would be.

Perfectly safe, said the Air Force men. You'll get less than one milliwatt per square centimeter. And it will help us guard against America's enemies. But when a woman in the audience demanded a guarantee that radiation levels over the years wouldn't harm her children, John Mitchell, the physicist from the Air Force School of Aerospace Medicine, said he couldn't give her that sort of guarantee—"and no one else can."

"Then I ask you," said the woman, "who is my enemy?"

"Yeah!" shouted a man in the audience, and the crowd broke into applause.

In the cafeteria of the elementary school that night, Paul Brodeur watched with great interest as residents roared at the Air Force. He has a grant from the Alicia Patterson Foundation to spend the next year seeing how Americans respond to the microwave hazard, now that they've been warned. And he has a theory: When people learn that their health, and especially their children's health, has been put in danger, they'll feel betrayed. And when they learn that microwave radiation might cause *genetic damage*. . . . well, Brodeur says, "the shit is going to hit the fan. You think the people don't trust the government *now*, after Watergate? Listen, the little constitutional fluffle that was Watergate, that's *nothing*. Boy, when the people ever wise up to what's happening in this country!"

As he talks, Brodeur sips coffee from a huge mug. It is now several weeks after the hearing in Sandwich and he is back in his sunny Greenwich Village apartment. His mood is buoyant—even though he is talking about terrible diseases and ominous developments. Industry and the military, he thinks, are on the run.

Senator Edward Kennedy has just joined Representative Gerry Studds of Cape Cod in demanding more information from the Air Force about PAVE PAWS. Kennedy's involvement—that's got to help, Brodeur says. And he claims to have uncovered some "big news" about the Moscow embassy affair, news which he'll release in the next few months, after he is sure about it. Unravelling the embassy cover-up is the key to the whole microwave story, he says, because whatever happened to the people in Moscow can happen to anyone who walks the streets of an American city. (In fact, the EPA has found that in some high-rise buildings, the level of microwave radiation is several times what the Americans received at the Moscow embassy. This urban zapping comes from broadcast transmitters perched atop skyscrapers.)

Brodeur might be asked to testify at the congressional hearings this spring, but he will be there in any event—"to call every false statement to account, if I can." Industry and the military, he says, will undoubtedly lie to the committees.

"They're going to try to bullshit their way past Congress, and I predict they're not going to make it," he says. "But it's going to take a lot of relentless pursuit. They're going to say that what you can't see can't hurt you. In effect, they're going to take up a neanderthal theory—neanderthal in terms of all we know about science.

"Well, we'll see if they get away with it. I happen to think people are a lot more intelligent than the military/industrial complex gives them credit for being. And the cat's out of the bag."●

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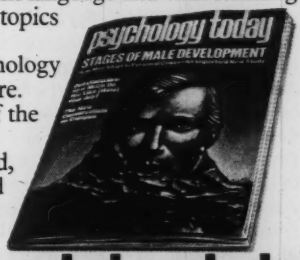


**psychology today**

Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

# DELMORE SCHWARTZ: A POET OUTFOXED BY HISTORY

**Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet**
*by James Atlas.*
Farrar, Straus and Giroux
(418 pp., $15.)

Is it possible to go nuts from shrewdness? I think Delmore Schwartz did, playing every smart angle way past 360°, letting every new idea—good and foolish—violate his sensibility, covering his flanks till he buried himself alive. I don't believe that James Atlas, Schwartz' humane and tough-minded biographer, would agree with my reduction of this complicated case, but the facts of Atlas' life of this most canny and tormented man seem to support my hunch.

Schwartz, the first-published of that extraordinary generation (or galaxy) of autobiographical poets made up of himself and Randall Jarrell, Theodore Roethke, John Berryman and Robert Lowell, died in a fleabag hotel near Times Square, at 53. He was carrying out his garbage when his heart went on him, and he collapsed. Another lodger reported from the sanctuary of his room that a man was "making noises outside his door." People were forever reporting on Schwartz' strange noises, something new in the air, a network of imaginative associations, the brilliantly lucid broken apart by static.

He was a big man, about six feet, with a full sensuous mouth and unhealthy skin and a lumbering gait. But his friends and those who couldn't remain his friends recollect always the strange sound of him. Saul Bellow's novel *Humboldt's Gift* is in large part about Schwartz, the "Mozart of conversation." Bellow's narrator recalls a "wonderful talker, a hectic nonstop monologuist and improvisator, a champion detractor. To be loused up by Humboldt was really a kind of privilege. It was like being the subject of a two-nosed portrait by Picasso, or an eviscerated chicken by Soutine." Another friend, Dwight Macdonald, remembers Schwartz as "the intellectual equivalent of the Borscht Circuit tummler, or stirrer-upper, his wide mouth grinning, his speedy raucous New York voice running up and down

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the scale of sarcasm, invective, desperate rationality . . . "

In the beginning this delivery was provoked by speed of wit, and an inclusive intelligence that could conceive a comic dialogue between Freud and Marx (or Freud and the Marx Brothers), a mind that had been to school at Harvard and at the movies. Later, as the desperate rationality gave way, and Schwartz was pent up, strait jacketed, in places like Bellevue, his delivery was provoked by speed (more than 15 Dexedrines in a single day) mixed with booze, and sleeping tablets. And then he would rant about Nelson Rockefeller, fancied by Schwartz to have made off with his second wife, or about Pope John and T.S. Eliot, who urgently needed his presence in Rome to collect a million dollars, or about the Empire State Building, shooting damaging rays into his ruined brain.

He began as wonderfully as he ended awfully. His first book was published when he was 25. *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities* has a few of the most gorgeous lyric poems of the century, and the title short story, a model of mature intelligence and tact, seven pages with huge reach, is one of the four or five best stories you will ever read. (A new edition of *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*, enlarged to include Schwartz' best work, will be published in April by New Directions.)

This story is set in a movie theater. A young man of about Schwartz' age watches a crude home movie of his parents' courtship, and as he perceives that they will marry he cries out to them, disturbing the audience: "Don't do it. It's not too late to change your minds, both of you. Nothing good will come of it, only remorse, hatred, scandal, and two children whose characters are monstrous."

What came of the story, published as the lead piece in the first issue of the revived *Partisan Review*, was intellectual celebrity. What came of the book of the same title was more: letters from Wallace Stevens, T.S. Eliot, everyone imaginable. Allen Tate wrote to the author that "your poetic style is beyond any doubt the first real innovation that we've had since Eliot and Pound. There's nothing like it, and by comparison Auden and MacNeice are camp followers of easily identified schools."

As the reviews and the praise washed over him Schwartz wrote to his publisher that "it can't last, I can't be being praised for the right reasons by so many people, it is much too soon . . ." If it was too soon, and too much to bear, and it was, he was in no small part accountable for the excess. Schwartz was a schemer, an insider in the literary game. William Barrett, once his closest friend, whose portrait of their estrangement (published in the September 1974 *Commentary*) is a model of fruitful tension between justice and self-defense, wrote: "Delmore followed [contemporary poets] as intently as a stockbroker watching the ups and downs of the market."

The headnote for one of the poems in a subsequent book, *Vaudeville for a Princess*, comes from Scott Fitzgerald: "In American lives there are no second acts." This is not so, of course, but to Schwartz it seemed so. His second book, *Genesis*, a meandering and often portentous autobiography in verse and prose, with a chorus, was received with puzzlement and some contempt. Schwartz, not yet 30, never really recovered from the shock.

Dwight Macdonald, from conviction as well as love, would hold America responsible. (This is in no way surprising for the author of such an inspired run of analysis and invective against the pre-sixties post-war society as *Against the American Grain*.) Reflecting on Schwartz' sorry end Macdonald quotes Baudelaire on Poe: "Dazzling a young and unformed country by his mind, Poe was fated to become a most unhappy writer. Rancors were aroused, solitude settled around him." It is a familiar story, and Macdonald brings it

up to date: "No, the American climate is still not suited for poets."

Edmund Wilson went to mythology for the figure of the scorned and alienated artist, settling in *The Wound and the Bow* on the figure of Philoctetes, the god-gifted bowman whose snakebit foot stunk so, whose cries of pain rattled so, that his fellow soldiers abandoned him on the way to war with Troy. Until they needed him again, and Odysseus (read society) tried to steal his bow. As the myth is restated by A. Alvarez in *The Savage God*, Sylvia Plath was murdered by Us, and let the pronoun fall where it will: on men, critics, Americans or—facts being facts—the English. The roster is long: John Berryman jumped from a bridge; Hemingway shot himself; Jarrell ended himself; Roethke and Lowell died terribly, before their times.

And probably Schwartz was, as the line goes, the victim of what Atlas calls with commendable exactness "an aggrieved sense of alienation." But it was an alienation of one self from another, not of a whole self from an uncaring society. In fact the honors and awards and grants and teaching jobs rolled in till he died, and long after he had ceased to write well, or teach well, or live in any world his best friends could recognize as being like their own. He walked away from Harvard without notice. He walked away from Syracuse University after having been offered tenure by unanimous vote, during his worst years.

Schwartz' brand of alienation was much sadder than mere victimhood, and much more interesting. It came from an ambition, far nobler than his decision at 19 to "work all the time to be great," to know the world entirely, to read its design, find the connections between all things. The malign side of a connection-search is paranoia, the apprehension of conspiracy rather than community. And God knows, paranoia, like insomnia, made of his life a misery. But the claims of such intelligence as his are tenacious, and even from his madness he fashioned epigrams of grace and depth: "Even paranoids have real enemies," he said. "Conscious villainy is really rare," he wrote after he had begun to fall apart, and shortly before he became a kind of Lenny Bruce, wandering the deserts of the law for redress of imaginary torts. " . . . And this is one of the errors of paranoia, and paranoid systems, such as Orthodox Marxism." This too: "Suspicion is a form of imagination." Yes, it is.

No one's work could have been more autobiographical, but he denied it. He was fascinated by Marx, but was never a Marxist; by Freud, but was indifferent to analysis. Analysts, he thought, "iron you out, and there's nothing left but to fold." I mention these incongruities because they are left, mysteries intact, by James Atlas. Here I am, almost finished with this subject, and you've heard only a few adjectives about the author of this version of Schwartz' life. Yet whatever authority I can claim for my own slightly different version is won by the sweat of Atlas' brow. This is biography at its very best: engaged, gracefully and unobtrusively written, loving but not blind, careful. Atlas is more interested in lucid narrative than in thesis-selling, and what he cannot comprehend, the deepest secrets of Schwartz' life, he does not stir or sell. My admiration for this book is unqualified.

And I think it is the saddest story I have ever read about a poet. (So sad, indeed, that I have put off writing about this book for some months after I first read it.) The sadness comes not from the end of Schwartz' and Macdonald's imaginary contest between the poet and the world, but from the consequences of a lie at the heart of Schwartz' art. Schwartz revered art. He was obsessed with the calling of Eliot, and referred to Joyce as "our poor dead king." And yet like the careerists he satirized and mocked and reviled, he was a careerist. He wrote Jarrell that the literary parties where tactical maneuvers were executed seemed to him like "a traffic jam of the lost waiting for the ferry across the Styx." Yet he went, and at about the same time, angling for this or that improvement in his circumstances, wrote a possible benefactor: "If you don't have a dog, you must do your own barking."

But let's not leave it there. Let's leave it with a poem. This appears in a story called "Screeno," an early story never published till last autumn and published, appropriately enough, in *Partisan Review 4*, 1977. The hero is 25, Schwartz' age when everything came together; in the story a young poet wins a lottery at a movie theater, and everything falls apart. He is humiliated, and obliged to read aloud to a raucous and indifferent audience from his work. And so he does, defiantly:

*Think now/History has many cunning passages,/Contrived corridors/And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,/ Guides us by vanities. Think now/She gives when our attention is distracted/ And what she gives, gives with such/ supple confusions/That the giving famishes the craving./Gives too late/ What's not believed in, or if still believed,/In memory only, reconsidered passion. Gives too soon/Into weak hands, what's thought can be dispensed with/ Till the refusal propogates a fear.*●


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Movies/by Richard Corliss

# BERGMAN LAYS AN EGG

Imagine being Ingmar Bergman. Each year, for a third of a century, you've spun a film out of the most personal part of yourself. Yesterday's chance conversation is tomorrow's dialogue; last night's nightmare will be fleshed out in tomorrow night's rushes. Your gift is to translate these unique glimpses and twinges into something universal, to alchemize neuroses into nitrate art; your luck is to have found, within the tiny Swedish film industry, actors and technicians who respond to your creative needs almost intuitively—the slender, sensitive fingers on a pianist's hand. But the music of your fears, however adroitly played, is becoming a little monotonous. Those demons (alienation, claustrophobia, artistic humiliation and, hiding somewhere in the attic, a silent God) have become too familiar, like eccentric dinner guests who've outstayed their welcome. What was, for so many years and so successfully, a compulsion to turn your torment into literate cinema has degenerated into the habit of making movies. You don't exorcise your phobias any more, you just take them out for a stroll, so folks can see how carefully you've domesticated them. You'll be 60 this year; maybe you should relax—relax on film, the way you did in 1955 with *Smiles of a Summer Night*, or in 1960 with *The Devil's Eye*, or in 1974 with *The Magic Flute*. But you can't relax. You must take yourself seriously; everyone else does. After all, you're Ingmar Bergman.

As it happens, he's Ingmar Bergman and you're not. Since 1945 he's directed 37 films, all but seven from his original screenplays, and more than a few that deserve a place in anybody's pantheon. (Five easy masterpieces: *The Naked Night, Smiles of a Summer Night, The Seventh Seal, Persona, Scenes from a Marriage.*) For a lot of people, present company included, he did more than elevate the intellectual tone of movies: he justified a raucous entertainment as a sophisticated art form. So by now Bergman should be entitled to do anything he wants—and that includes taking himself seriously. In a decade when movies have stressed the mechanical, the trivial, the satirical, Bergman's Swedish sobriety could even be something of a relief. If (*if*) this remarkable filmmaker is in decline, at least he's not slumming in nostalgia. He's still butting his talent up against big themes and deep passions, still aching after all these years.

The problem, I suppose, is not that Bergman keeps wrestling with his demons, but that he's pinned them—to the wall, like some lepidopterist of the soul. He spent 10 years, and as many films, tracking down a maddeningly elusive God, before deciding that it didn't really matter whether God existed or not; the point was to see God (or at least Good) in all living things. Then there were 10 years spent analyzing the schizophrenic human spirit—the split within itself, or within those peculiar social organisms, the family and the married couple. The titles of the climactic films in each cycle both came from the same verse in *I Corinthians*: "For now we see *through a glass, darkly*; but then *face to face*: now I know in part; but then I shall know even as also I am known." The journey to self-knowledge is worth taking, for an acolyte or an artist. But with *Face to Face*, Bergman seemed to arrive at a feeling of omniscience. The heroine's phantoms were explained, and then explained away, with some of the most simple-minded Freudian shibboleths since Dr. Ingrid Bergman cured Gregory Peck of his bad dreams in *Spellbound*, thirty years earlier.

Having purged his own whispering goblins, Dr. Ing*mar* Bergman has now turned to diagnosing the ills of a suicidal world. As ever, Bergman has set himself a formidable task in **The Serpent's Egg**: tracing the root causes of Nazism in the Germany of 1923, when Adolph Hitler carried out his first, abortive putsch. But Bergman's answer is annoyingly simple: an inflated economy, a depressed populace, and (the beauty part) a Mad Doctor. No economy could be more inflated, on these gray November days: four billion marks to the dollar. And no people could be more depressed than Abel Rosenberg, a 35-year-old Latvian Jew from Philadelphia (David Carradine), and his sister-in-law Manuela (Liv Ullmann). Like so many other Bergman characters, Abel and Manuela are artists—or, rather, artistes (circus acrobats)—extravagantly down on their luck: Abel is a morose alcoholic, Manuela is performing at a gaudy dive and peddling her body on the side, her husband has just committed suicide, and Abel is suspected of having some knowledge of a series of unexplained murders. Bergman, for once, isn't interested in Abel and Manuela as emblems of the artist's isolation; worse luck, he sees them only as victims, staggering zombielike toward an anonymous doom. He's much more interested in the villain of the piece: the cool, slithery, thoroughly reptilian Dr. Ver-

**Ullman and Carradine: On the whole, they'd rather be in Philadelphia**

gerus, who's been experimenting on Abel's brother and some other losers out of a love for science and a contempt for humanity.

This time the title comes from Shakespeare. Brutus is warning his servant Lucius of Caesar's danger, which at the moment seems too remote to worry about: "And therefore think him as a serpent's egg which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous, and kill him in the shell." Caesar is the evil figure who may subvert the will of the masses. The film gives this theory a modern, cynical twist: Hitler is the evil figure who will *express* the will of the masses. As Dr. Vergerus states it: "Man is a malformation, a perversity of nature. It's like the serpent's egg. Through the thin membrane you can already discern the nearly perfect reptile."

Does Bergman really believe this? (If so, it's a radical change in his career-long film philosophy.) Or is it simply an eloquent peroration out of the diseased mind of the mad doctor? (If so, why validate his simile by using it in the title?) Or are we perhaps making Bergman's mistake and taking the film too seriously? We might remember at this point that, every ten years, Bergman has sent his metaphysics on a holiday in the regions of the horror film. In 1958 he made *The Magician*, a Gothic comedy in which a "dead" artist-conjurer comes eerily back to life—to scare the wits out of a coroner-scientist, and out of the audience, too. In 1968, *Hour of the Wolf* reprised the vampire theme Bergman had treated so enigmatically in his previous film, *Persona*, but this time in the spirit of E.T.A. Hoffman; the demons are an old dark houseful of garrulous ghouls, who eventually take the protagonist (another artist) along with them. Neither of these films is exactly *Young Frankenstein*. They're mortally serious in what they say about the artistic condition: it's no fun, the pay is lousy, and you don't get no respect. But in fitting his preoccupations to the conventions of supernatural melodrama, Bergman let a little dank, cryptic air into his standard closet tragedy.

For most of *The Serpent's Egg*, Bergman doesn't seem to be enjoying his seventies sabbatical into the baroque. Perhaps he saw himself in the Rosenbergs' image—a displaced person. For the first time, he was making a film outside of Sweden, and in English, and on a large budget. But it would take a megalomania of almost comic proportions to identify a slight bout of homesickness with the situation of a Jew in pre-Hitler Berlin who's suspected of being an accessory to murder. Besides, Bergman is enough of an artist to make Abel's plight and personality

**Lighten up, Ingmar!: An overly familiar journey to self-knowledge**

compelling if he had truly felt for him. His energy is directed elsewhere: toward constructing a Max Ernst panorama of gaudy Berliner chic. Liv Ullmann's first appearance, as she belts out some vile Brechtian ditty in a second-rate cabaret, is symptomatic. She's wearing thick green eyeshadow (to match her curly green hair), purple tights, and a red heart embroidered over her crotch—a Hadassah lady's vision of German decadence. ("How would you expect them to keep the Nazis out of power? They couldn't even color-coordinate!") And in case you can't see what Bergman's vision is, a couple of lines make it explicit. Abel tells a cheeky streetwalker to "Go to hell." Her sardonic reply: "Where do you think we are?"

Liv Ullmann has described Manuela as her "most challenging English-speaking role." (More profound than *Forty Carats*? Greater even than *Pope Joan*?) Could be—but Ullmann has little to do in this slouch-on part but stare lovingly, bemusedly, at David Carradine. It's Carradine (that most California-Aryan of Latvian Philadelphia Jews) in whose shambling gait the film trods toward the Bedlam of its conclusion. And here, finally, Bergman involves us—with the hoariest devices of pulp suspense. A walk down a long hallway toward some nameless dread; a fight with a bad guy that's a steal from the old closing-walls shtick; the last, gruesome revelation—it's all shamelessly broad, and passably entertaining. Our hero even manages to escape. If it were the work of any other director, we could expect a *Serpent's Egg II: Abel vs. the Axis*.

But this is not any other director. Because it's Bergman, we have a right to be disappointed in *The Serpent's Egg*, and a right to hope for his return to form—or his discovery of some vital new way of playing and fighting with those old demons. It's a pitfall of film journalism to call in the pallbearers because a director has made a few duds. Critics have catered more than one premature burial of Bergman's lively corpse: in 1965 (just before *Persona*) and in 1972 (just before *Cries and Whispers* and *Scenes from a Marriage*). At this moment, Bergman is shooting a new film, starring Liv Ullmann and Ingrid Bergman. It should offer him an opportunity to recall his unique talent, and to forget for a moment that he is, after all, Ingmar Bergman.

**Coma.** If I've scared you away from *The Serpent's Egg* but you still want to see a movie about a mad doctor performing inhuman experiments on innocent victims—with the same long hallways, bad-guy fights and gruesome revelations—you could do worse than fall into *Coma*. This time around, the protagonist is nothing if not plucky, especially as played by Genevieve Bujold (whom critics have compared to so many cuddly forest animals that I half expect the Disney organization to star her in their next cartoon). The film was directed by Dr. Michael Crichton from a novel by Dr. Robin Cook. No demented medicos these—and perhaps that's this thriller's one problem. It's as efficient and sterile as a routine appendectomy. *Coma* doesn't provide shock therapy, just a good swift ride down the corridors of paranoia.

**The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain.** Back in 1976, I conclude a brief snipe at Lina Wertmuller by saying: "Maybe I'm wrong, and her films are for the ages; or maybe she's this year's Bruce Springsteen." After seeing the new Wertmuller movie (a hoarse opera in screaming pidgin-English, starring Giancarlo Giannini as a Marxist Grover Monster and Candice Bergen as a harpy bizarre), I want to apologize to Springsteen. Delete his name from the above, and substitute Sid Vicious.●

Music/by Arthur Lubow

# ENO, BEFORE AND AFTER ROXY

When Brian Eno says he is unable to play any instrument well, he is celebrating the victory of mind over metier. Eno (an accidental anagram for "one brain") bears no obvious similarities to a rock & roll hero. Instead of arching his body lewdly above a shrieking guitar, he bends silently over a synthesizer keyboard or a computer terminal. He is the technician as rock star, composing mantras for the machine age. The instrument he finds most sympathetic is the tape recorder; he suggests that he owes much of his distinction as the critics' favorite synthesizer player to his lack of expertise.

"Rick Wakeman and Keith Emerson have a far more accomplished technique," he says cheerfully. "But with synthesizers, more than with other instruments, the thing is not to learn how to play, but what to play." In music, he says, one starts with no technique, "when everything is new and exciting," passes through a period "when things aren't interesting anymore," and finally arrives at a stage "in which the technique can be used, but it isn't a constraint." The temptation is to allow fluidity to gel, "to innovate a technique and then codify it, applying it to other situations even though it's only partially applicable." Eno's talent is a sci-fi version of swing or soul: he moves with the flow; he adapts to the environment. He doesn't gel.

In his excellent new album, *Before and After Science*, Eno explores the vision glimpsed on the title track of his previous record, *Another Green World*. Like many Eno compositions, "Another Green World" has the pictorial vividness of program music. As it opens, the scientific smoke is blowing away, permitting the outlines of a new Eden to come into sharper focus. *Before and After Science* amplifies the picture. "The conditions before and after science are identical in terms of how people will relate to each other," Eno explains. "McLuhan's global village and tribal village are the same thing. Right now, although you may have your personal oases of before or after science, the world is in science. I use that word in a limited sense: deification of rational knowledge."

Eno regards rational knowledge with respect but suspicion. What interests Eno is flight and metamorphosis, motion and process. His great passion is cybernetics, the theory of information organization. "My interest is in attempting to describe musical and artistic evolutions," he says. "Cybernetics is the only science that deals with the evolution of systems as processes in time. It's a science that knows its answers are always inadequate, a science that deals with probabilities rather than certainties, a science that talks of a range of goals."

"I don't bother to question my intuition," he says, explaining his initial fascination with cybernetics. "If I feel like doing something, I do it, and figure that I'll understand it later. If I had questioned my intuition, I would probably be a bank clerk. In any person's life, the most important decisions are indefensible."

It was intuition that led Eno, son of a Suffolk postman, to abandon a dubious career as an art student ("I could never finish a painting") and start experimenting with tape recorders. In early 1971 he was asked to join Roxy Music, a progressive yet unpretentious British band, to supervise electronic distortions and work with a synthesizer. Although band leader Bryan Ferry wrote and sang the songs, and guitarist Phil Manzanera was a far more accomplished musician, Eno rose quickly as the most notorious exponent of Roxy ultra-sophistication. He was charmingly quotable, delightfully avant-garde. And when it came to the band's sartorial ambitions, Eno was unequaled. Daubed with lipstick and mascara, sprouting peacock feathers over his leopard-skin shirts, he was uniquely photogenic.

The use of outrageous costumes, he now says, "was a deliberate decision by all of us to dress interestingly as well as to be aurally interesting." But it was more than a publicity pose. "I haven't ever done anything strictly to get attention," he insists. "That period is quite misty to me now. [These days, to enjoy the thrill of anonymity, the 29-year-old Eno wears short hair, T-shirts and jeans.] But before I ever joined Roxy, I got interested in wearing various kinds of clothing that would have been considered effeminate. I didn't like masculine clothes. Masculinity is science. The Western version of masculinity opposes rational man against intuitive woman. The part of my being that interests me has always been my intuition."

WARING ABBOTT

**Brian Eno: Tackling writer's block by Oblique Strategies**

After a couple of years and two albums, Eno left Roxy Music in the summer of 1973. From Eno's perspective, the group was the victim of commercial success. As sales and publicity multiplied, Ferry demanded that the band duplicate its formula. There was no room for another singer and writer with independent ideas.

Since leaving Roxy, Eno has written and performed four solo albums. He has played with tape recorders, synthesizers and treated guitars on two duet albums with Robert Fripp, guitarist of the defunct King Crimson. On his own label, Obscure, he has produced *Discreet Music* (which fades in and out of earshot "as part of the ambience of the environment") and the Portsmouth Sinfonia (an orchestra of untrained musicians playing classical favorites). Recently, he has collaborated with David Bowie on two albums, *Low* and *Heroes*; he is about to produce the second Talking Heads album. Because the sounds he produces are beautiful as well as interesting, Eno's cult is substantial—his first three song albums have each sold 50,000 copies.

Eno's songwriting technique might sound familiar to a medicine man. Af-

ter chanting nonsense words to a recorded instrumental track, he plays back the tape, listening for unexpected meanings and juxtapositions. As with all accidental art, the artistry is in the selection. To encourage the music-writing process, Eno has developed (with his friend, artist Peter Schmidt) a method for jogging artistic trains of thought out of creative ruts. It is a deck of cards called "Oblique Strategies," packaged in a gold-embossed black box that resembles a Balkan Sobranies package.

"Oblique Strategies" consists of 113 cards, each with a printed instruction. Many offer artistic advice: "Use an old idea" or "Faced with a choice, do both." Eno is proudest of the wittiest: "Short circuit (example; a man eating peas with the idea that they will improve his virility shovels them straight into his lap)." Printed as a limited edition in January 1975, "Oblique Strategies" has become a collector's item. "When you're working and reach a problem, you take one card and do whatever it says," Eno explains. "On some occasions, it does say something that is absolutely appropriate. On other occasions, it effectively jars you out of what you're doing and makes you look at something from the outside. It is like any other oracle—I Ching or tarot cards or tea leaves. This is an oracle that is especially designed for working on music or painting."

On *Before and After Science*, the card that appears to have turned up most often is "Emphasize repetitions." Repetitions are valuable because they emphasize subtle gradations and differences.When something is repeated, it changes. Either the performer varies the pattern, or the listener responds differently, or the environment interacts in new ways. Something happens. In *Before and After Science* he emphasizes repetitions of words, sometimes achieving a hypnotic lyricism ("Julie With"), other times a pounding insistency ("Backwater"). Repetition serves to reinforce the cyclical concept. Eno dislikes the idea of progress and order. Unlike traditional rock, and classical music, his work eschews the distinction between soloist and backup in favor of textured surfaces composed of overlaid sounds, with the singer being merely one of the elements. Nor do the pieces progress in traditional ways (theme, development, recapitulation, or verse, chorus, bridge). As Eno sings: "If you study the logistics and heuristics of the mystics/ You will find that their minds rarely move in a line."

Eno's mind spins like a weather vane in a hurricane. After completing an album, he often appears blown away, sickened by the exhaustion of selection, torn by competing demands. "I have a guitar that makes only one sound," he says. "It's refreshing to play. With a synthesizer you have 14,000 choices. Sometimes it's nice to know that the instrument has made that decision for you." ●

# RECORDS

## by Jim Miller

In its heyday during the sixties, Southern rhythm and blues epitomized "soul"—a palpable sense of feeling and conviction possessed by such major artists as Otis Redding and Aretha Franklin. In the ten years since Redding's death, however, soul has almost become an atavistic value. It is one mark of Al Green's greatness that the old compliment rings true: **The Belle Album** (Hi) epitomizes soul.

For the past few years, Green's career has been in a spin. Preoccupied with religion and the deliverance it promises, the decade's most inimitable balladeer has found himself increasingly bored by romantic trifles and the audience they guaranteed. Green's recent albums have been uneven as well as uncanny, split between forced reruns of a formula that once sold records and cryptic invocations of carnal desire and God. (A startling example of this ambiguity is "Love Ritual," a quasi-religious orgy on *Al Green is Love*.)

On *The Belle Album*, by contrast, Green has dropped his longtime producer, Willie Mitchell, and with him any pretense of formulized hit-making. "Belle," his latest single, states Green's dilemma with disarming simplicity: "It's you that I want, but it's Him that I need." Most of Green's new songs express some aspect of that tension; and even beneath the apparently banal "party" tracks (like "I Feel Good") there pulses the unspoken understanding that such pleasures, however intensely felt, are merely ephemeral. But while God's grace is forever, the happiness it confers can only be appreciated, paradoxically enough, in the worldly terms of sensuous fulfillment. The carnal and the divine do battle on the terrain of love, through the medium of music: at issue, in a sense, is which object of affection will reciprocate *true* love.

Musically, *The Belle Album* is full of surprises. For the first time, Green has written and produced all of the tracks; he also plays acoustic guitar throughout. Gone are the liquid strings and sumptuous drum sound favored by Mitchell and his crack rhythm section. Green's own production turns instead to a flat veneer defined by dryly recorded drums and gut-string guitar, sweetened by an ethereal synthesizer.

Green's singing often sounds distant and filtered, as if to intensify yet alienate the feelings voiced. We are meant to behold rather than participate in his unending moments of decision. The sheer virtuosity of his vocals nevertheless commands our attention: with his choked falsetto, Green transforms "Belle" into a revelation. This is bracing stuff—and the kind of personalized music that once made Southern soul the most vital source of popular song in America.

Another old master of the soul medium is Joe Tex, who, like a good magician, knows how to establish credibility through performance. Of course, that leaves a crucial ambiguity about the emotions expressed and their authenticity, but that, too, is part of the show. For example, is "Be Kind to Old People" for real, or not? I would guess yes, and maybe that's why it's my favorite cut on **Rub Down** (Epic). But the entire album is well stocked with the familiar cast of Tex characters, and well played by producer Buddy Killen's crew of Nashville cats. Perhaps the most striking aspect of Tex's return to prominence is the gritty integrity of his current music, and its vital maintenance of soul as a genre of entertainment.

Johnnie Taylor has enjoyed some success at the same game, as his new album will attest. **Disco 9000** (Columbia) isn't so bad as its title implies, although a certain sheen glosses over every hard edge this album contains. Still, the edges are there in abundance, and Taylor, like Green, reminds us that "God is Standing By." But while Taylor's Deity hovers in a holding pattern over Hollywood, Green awaits the Second Coming tomorrow—and that is the difference between entertainment and salvation. When you can get the gospel truth, why settle for less? ●

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Swan Song for a Sparrow/by Jerry Adler

# FINAL TRIBUTE

Few of nature's creatures have clung to life with the tenacity of the Santa Barbara song sparrow, *Melospiza melodia graminea*. In the field, it eked out a miserable living on a square-mile island off the coast of California, nesting in shrubs and cacti and washing down its meals with droplets of condensed fog. Now, more than 10 years after the last one was sighted, five years after an expedition in quest of *graminea* failed to turn up a single specimen, the little bird clings to a marginal existence in only one place: the federal government's list of endangered species.

It has been as inconspicuous on the list as it was in life: a little brown speck flitting in the shadow of the glamour species like the peregrine falcon and the whooping crane, its cheerful song all but drowned out by the howl of the timber wolf and the baleful rumble and squeak of the humpback whale. But now this quiet existence is threatened by Interior Department ornithologists, who have identified the Santa Barbara song sparrow as a prime candidate to be removed from the endangered species list on the grounds that it is in fact extinct—the first such removal of a domestic species since the list began in 1967.

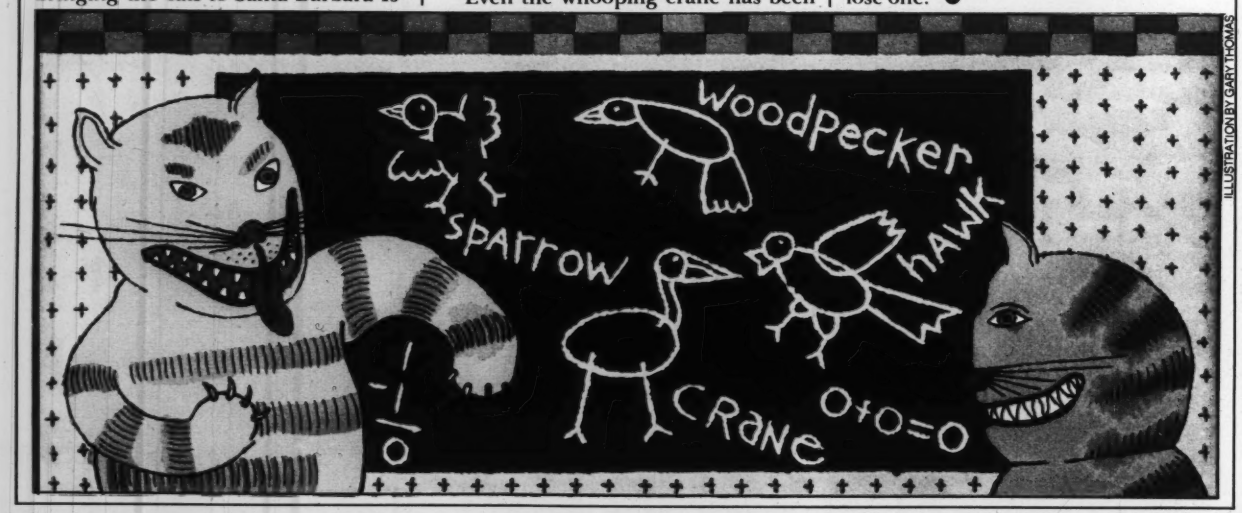
Will "Remember the *Graminea*!" become a rallying cry of the environmental movement? Not very likely. The Santa Barbara song sparrows were not poisoned by DDT or wiped out by a dam; they were eaten by cats, which seems like a normal hazard for a bird. Of course, people are to blame for bringing the cats to Santa Barbara Island, a dry, grassy knoll sticking up out of the Pacific, 45 miles southwest of Long Beach. The island—part of the Channel Islands National Monument—is bare of trees, according to Interior Department zoologist Jay Sheppard. "The birds nested within a few inches of the ground. Introducing a pair of cats in a situation like that is just asking for it." Sheppard notes, not without satisfaction, that after eating all the *graminea* the cats starved to death and are themselves extinct on the island. Poignant as the story is, it seems like an ecological tragedy of a different order than, say, the disappearance of the game from Serengeti.

*Graminea*'s little niche on the interface of ornithology and bureaucracy is growing more and more crowded. The number of endangered species has exploded from a few dozen on the original list to 621 at the beginning of 1978. On the whole, they are some of the world's more interesting creatures, from the sublime to the ridiculous: the pig-footed bandicoot, the cotton-top marmoset, the Philippine monkey-eating eagle, the Cumberland monkey-face pearly mussel, the false water rat, Bernard's wombat, Mrs. Morden's owlet. The bad news about the Santa Barbara song sparrow comes at a time when some of the better-known members of the list have been pulled back from the brink; the Audubon society reports comebacks by the bald eagle, the brown pelican and the osprey, and the American alligator has recently been upgraded from "endangered" to "threatened" in a portion of its range.

Even the whooping crane has been staging a minute rally in its obscure marshes; the world, which contained only 18 pairs of whooping cranes last year, had better make room for 22 in 1978. The only domestic species that poses any threat to officially predecease the Santa Barbara song sparrow is the ivory-billed woodpecker, which at one time roamed the deep forests from the Carolinas to Texas. The ivory-bill's downfall was logging, which cleared out the huge dead trees that harbored the beetles the ivory-bills ate. Sheppard believes there is a bare chance that a few ivory-bills still live, although they stopped breeding 30 years ago. But he acknowledges that there are huge flocks still nesting in the imaginations of birdwatchers, all of whom want to be the last person on earth to see one.

"Every now and then we get reports of one," Sheppard says, "usually from someone who has seen a pileated woodpecker. The last photos we got were from Louisiana, of a bird in a tree about 75 feet away. There's no question it was an ivory-billed woodpecker. Most of us felt it was a stuffed bird."

The ivory-bill was the largest American woodpecker—at 20 inches, four times the length of the Santa Barbara song sparrow, and in every way a more substantial bird. But Sheppard feels the loss of one as keenly as the other: "Whether it's an elephant or a worm, a species is something that can't be duplicated, at least in any way that we know of. You can't place a value on it. You know how it is—you just hate to lose one." ●

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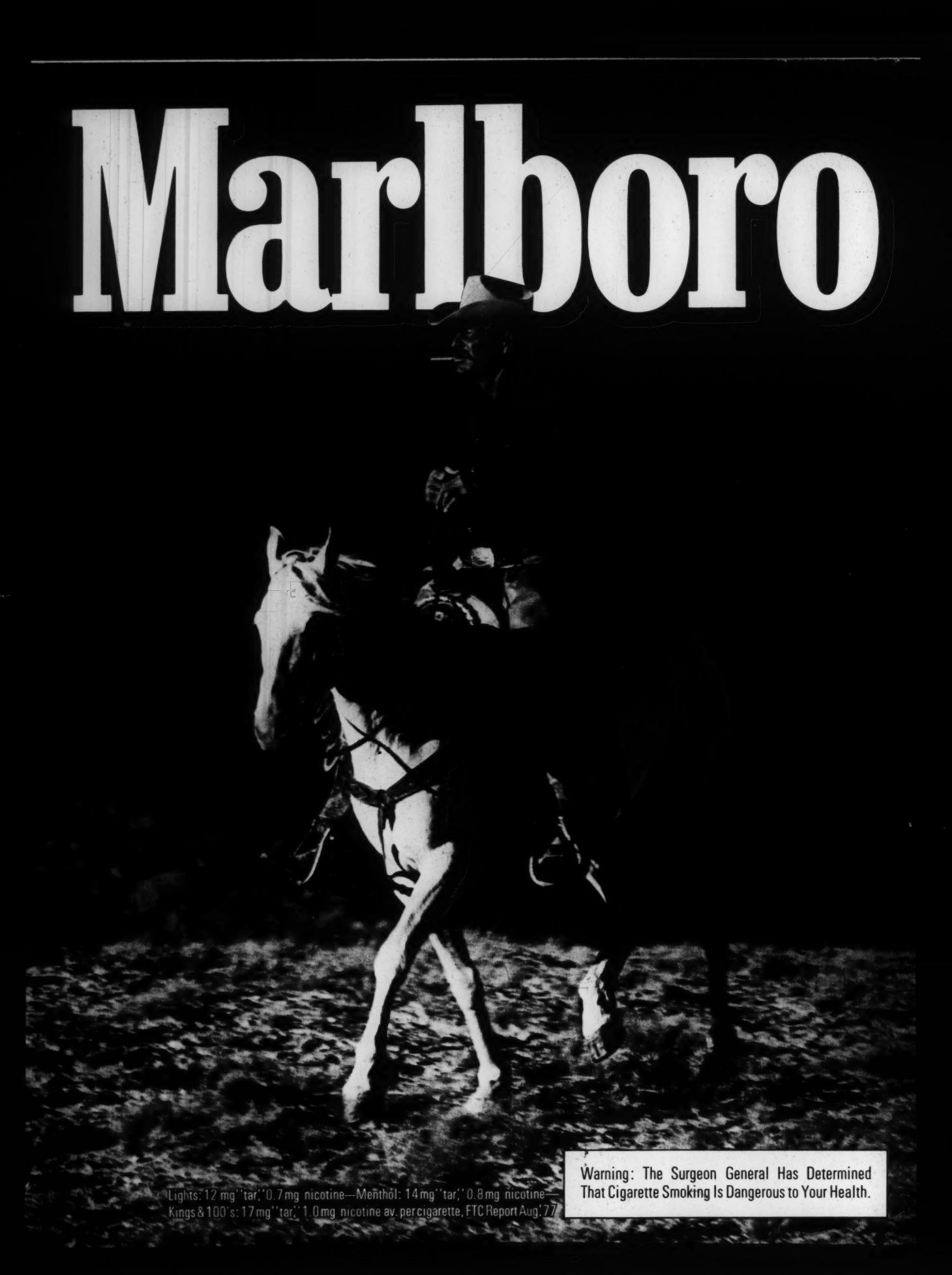
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